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CORIOLANUS: A MELANCHOLY FACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A. H. H.,

on the occasion of the above-named piece being produced at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

The sun went down and evening came—
An actor sat, unknown to fame,
And held a book which bore the name—
Coriolanus.

His lines for hours he labored o'er,
And I'm afraid he cursed and swore,
And in his anger almost tore—
Coriolanus.

Says he: "Confound this cranky text!
Enough to make an angel vext—
The thing's down for week after next,
Coriolanus!
"I'm nearly killed with this blank verse:
And then, to make the matter worse,
Next Sunday night we must rehearse—
Coriolanus.
"There's one thing that I've got to say:
That Shakespeare 'gave himself away'
When he wrote that fearful, tiresome play—
Coriolanus."

He sadly bathed his aching head,
And laid down in "his little bed"—
In sleep sought refuge from the dread—
Coriolanus.

But soon he dreams a fearful dream,
And he in burning Hell does seem:
Ten thousand demons at him scream—
Coriolanus.

In *Roman shirts* they dance around,
And o'er his writhing body bound,
And Hell re-echoes to the sound—
Coriolanus.

THE LAPIDARY OF NUREMBERG:

A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE,

Compiled from the Manuscripts of a Patient in Bedlam,

AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED

At the dinner-hour the mountebank returned from the village with a pair of gallant steeds, and informed Monsieur the Inspector that they were the ones he had reference to as having won laurels on the racecourse. They were pronounced a splendid match by that interested party, and he complimented Papa Lambert highly as being a prime judge of horseflesh. The dinner was already smoking on the table, Monsieur the Inspector having rehearsed the part over again of superintending Gretchen's cookery. His fears had gradually vanished as regarded treachery, so far as their worthy host was concerned; but he thought it barely possible that Gretchen, being stark mad, and fluttered with so much company, might mistake arsenic for soda, which seasoning would be far from healthy, and certainly detrimental to digestion. When dinner was over, Monsieur the Inspector, contrary to his former plan, declared that it was his intention to start immediately. Three or four hours were thus saved, thanks to the noble horses furnished by their host; and having told the miles off on his fingers, and calculated the distance to a hair, he found that, in case there were no accidents on the road, they would again assemble under Papa Lambert's roof about two o'clock on the following morning.

"I have allowed," he said to Wilfred by way of explanation, "an hour for Cresus to amuse himself at the game of blindman's-buff, and double that amount of time for baiting the horses. I do not think Jacques Legendre tarried long enough at Limoges to dig a grave as deep as those jokers whom I have seen perform in the last act of 'Hamlet,' and therefore I have allowed Achilles the same number of minutes wherein to ply the spade. Ah! Wilfred," he continued in a sentimental tone, "I must congratulate you on being a countryman of the grand Shakespeare. Has not every author since plagiarized his sublime ideas, and are not we, though not authors, doing the same? I forget the quotation in full, but it has not only something concerning an envenomed toad concealing a jewel in his head? Yes; to be sure he does. And are we not about to disinter a miscreant who has concealed in his bowels a diamond worth three millions? Shakespeare was sublime; and if you have already realized that fact, you will profit by seeing Talma perform some of the great author's conceptions. Stupendous!"

As the inspector uttered the last terrific word by way of a finis to his oration, Faubourg St. Antoine, always chawing a whisk of straw as if for a wager, announced unexpectedly that the coach was ready.

"Name the list of articles I gave you," said the inspector.

"Sack, rope, spade, pick, and dark-lantern."

"Your memory is wonderful, and does you credit. Are the articles all safe on board?"

The driver was confident that he had forgotten nothing.

"If you have forgotten anything, you may as well leave your head behind, too," said the inspector dryly. Faubourg St. Antoine ventured a slight laugh. The little jokes of the powerful are always so funny. Doctor Balthazar indisposed, and remains here till our return. Consequently, there is room for one more inside, and Cresus can occupy the place."

At a motion from Wilfred, the dog bounded into the carriage, and Achilles, with his usual cranklike movement, settled himself in the corner seat. Wilfred took his place, followed by Monsieur the Inspector, after he had whispered a few kindly instructions to their host concerning the welfare of Doctor Balthazar.

The coach rolled away in the direction of Limoges, and Papa Lambert, whose wrinkled face was distorted with a ghastly smile, stood in the middle of the dusty road waving his guests an affectionate adieu. His friendliness disappeared, however, as soon as the coach was out of sight. As an itinerant mountebank, he understood the trick of smiling before the curtain; but behind the scenes he was a cruel and unscrupulous tyrant. Wilfred Shaw had thought himself unobserved by the Argus eyes of Monsieur the Prefect. After serving his sentence at the galleys at Marseilles, he obliged Gretchen to become his wife, through threatening to denounce her to the authorities. His cruelties soon drove her almost to madness, and she served his purposes far better, as no one would listen to the ravings of an old woman. Though wealthy, he still continued his evil traffic with counterfeiters, and now was made aware that Monsieur the Inspector thoroughly understood too much of his business to prove agreeable company.

Suppose a person of Monsieur the Inspector's prying and inquisitive character should take it into his head to search the cracks, crevices, and dark closets of the ancient mansion, what a host of terrible secrets would be brought to light!—such as hoards of counterfeit coin and other tell-tale evidences of the mountebank's villainy. Suppose the sharp officer continued his investigations in the cellar, where there was a trap-door that led into a secret vault! The thought of such a thing made Papa Lambert quiver to the very core of his bad heart, for in the black recesses of that vault the body of the murdered traveler slowly consumed away in quicklime.

On receiving Monsieur the Inspector's dispatch' the first idea of the mountebank was to fire the house and burn to ashes everything upon the premises, including Gretchen. This plan could easily be put in execution; but, being parsimonious, and not insured, he finally resolved to stand a state of siege. When Monsieur the Inspector, with the aid of Achilles, obliged him to capitulate, he scarcely felt comfortable at the information that he was not wanted at present, and his seared conscience defined trouble in the future. Victor, who formerly belonged to the mountebank's itinerant troupe, had risen to be a vaulter at the Cirque Olympique, but wrenched his back in trying to perform a double somersault. His spine being injured past recovery, he engaged as man-of-all-work with his former manager, for bed and board. He was an honest and civil fellow enough, and (aside from child-stealing, which was a common crime among the strollers' fraternity in the year of grace 1814) knew nothing detrimental to Papa Lambert's character. The poor acrobat did not dream that his employer was connected with a band of counterfeiters, and he had never been allowed to cross the threshold of the cellar that contained the hideous vault.

Papa Lambert, chafing like a wolf caught in a trap, first vented his spleen by giving Gretchen a sound thrashing, which she received without a murmur, and Doctor Balthazar was not disturbed in his reveries. This recreation, coupled with a wish that the horses would run away and break all their necks, including that of the dog Cresus, having taken the sharp edge off his anger, he fortified his spirits with a stiff glass of brandy, and dared Fortune to do her worst.

Spite of Papa Lambert's prayers, no accident befell the occupants of the coach, though the horses were spirited, and Monsieur the Inspector had given orders to drive them at a breathless pace. As the clock of Limoges struck eight, Wilfred Shaw recognized the hayfield where he and Cresus had slept on the night they followed the trail of the man who stole the Count D'E——'s most valuable gem.

CHAPTER XVI.
DOCTOR BALTHAZAR.

After the coach had struck the high road to Limoges, the passports of the party were often called into requisition; but the officials on duty scarcely glanced at them, and always handed them back with the most reverential politeness as soon as the signature of Monsieur the Prefect was recognized. The guardians of the public welfare, though they knew nothing of the business the party who occupied the coach had in view, felt confident that to delay them would peril their own situations. Monsieur the Inspector never deviated from his usual coolness and suavity of manner even when some official, less sharp than his fellows, thought it his duty to closely scan the stalwart proportions of the gendarme, or the honest profile of Wilfred Shaw. While stopping at one of the way-stations for a few moments in order to bait the horses, Achilles performed a deed that astonished Wilfred greatly, and gave him any amount of food for reflection. A soldier with a wooden leg (a relic of Marengo), and his wife, pale and emaciated by long illness, were soliciting alms. The officer on duty seemed to consider the man's tale of suffering an old story, while the civilians who stood by felt themselves the pangs of poverty, and were too poor to contribute beyond a few sous in the cause of charity. Achilles was the last person whom the veteran solicited. The gendarme eyed him with the stern look of inquiry that had worried the two rustics playing dominoes at the cosy inn. The veteran said timidly, as it conscious that his application would prove useless:

"Monsieur, please bestow a sous on an old soldier who has fought for France ——"

"No!" thundered Achilles, in a voice that startled the crowd, and fairly made the man tremble in his one dusty shoe. The veteran was about to turn sorrowfully away, when Achilles again vociferated:

"Halt!"

The two words "No" and "Halt" impressed the audience, though as yet they hardly knew whether to hiss or applaud. They were waiting for the gendarme to develop himself further, while the soldier stood motionless. All this time the inspector was laughing in his sleeve and waiting for the cue. He knew the gendarme by heart. The crowd were curious, but Achilles tantalized them for at least half a minute. The cue came:

"Monsieur the Inspector, the Government owes me forty-five francs ten centimes. Will you advance me the money?"

"With pleasure."

"Give the full amount to the soldier, and charge to me."

Monsieur the Inspector did so, and the audience cheered with great fervor. Then a very funny thing occurred; for the veteran's wife (a mother of five children, and one at the breast) grew frantic with gratitude, and absolutely wanted to kiss their benefactor — a favor which nearly scared the gendarme into a fit, for he trembled like a leaf, and said he would rather face a bomb-ball battery. Fortunately for Achilles, the coach was ready to start by this time; and, breaking from the crowd (there was a proposition among those who witnessed his charity to ride him around on their shoulders), he was the first one on board. Wilfred Shaw felt convinced he had wrongly added up Achilles, and that the quotient needed many corrections.

The horses traveled well, and they reached the desired spot about two hours after sunset. Then they allowed them ten minutes for refreshments, Achilles standing back, while Wilfred Shaw and Cresus acted as the pioneers of the party. Faubourg St. Antoine remained with the coach in case of accidents, and baited himself with a fresh straw to aid his reflections until the passengers returned.

As soon as they had crossed the hedge, Wilfred and Cresus commenced their famous game of blindman's-buff; and, though the darkness was intense, the inspector and Achilles were highly interested spectators, and appeared to admire the sport.

Doctor Balthazar was to interpolate a little in this part of my narrative. The pastime in which Wilfred Shaw and Cresus were about to indulge reminds me of a play, which, as a precocious boy, I often indulged in with the handsome Susette Wagboner. This play was called "Hunting the Slipper." Susette used to hide a perfumed shoe, a small white foot in the most unheard-of and inaccessible places; but I never failed to find it, and claim my promised kiss, for it was by a kiss that the blooming maiden rewarded my success. Once, with unusual condescension, she allowed me to drink beer from the chamber-pot behind the ruins shortly after I had punched the head of the young blacksmith who had made mouths at her), and the nectar tasted as sweet as the liquor brewed from the honey of Hymetus. Wilfred Shaw and Cresus were in search of a prize worth, as jewels are valued, at nearly three million francs; but a kiss from the lips of Susette was a far dearer prize to me, while I would not have bartered her love for all the starry gems that, since the world began, have been gathered from the washings of Brazil or the mines of Golconda.

The game began by Wilfred allowing Cresus to hold the basket, with the instruction—"Find him, my good fellow." Cresus understood the animal's wishes as sensibly as a human being. He had trailed the man to Paris who wore the glove, and from there to Marseilles, where his scent was interrupted by prison-walls. The lesson his master had taught him at Papa Lambert's was to hunt for the man who had formerly concealed the jewel-case in his bosom.

"Find him, good boy," repeated Wilfred; and then Cresus, as though he had solved the problem, gave a joyful bark and began coursing in a circle, which encompassed every haystack in the field. The system delighted the inspector, and he whispered to Wilfred his warm admiration of the animal's abilities. Thrice Cresus coursed the field, gradually narrowing the circle traversed, until the ears of the trio were greeted with a welcome bark denoting success.

The spot whence the sound came was hid in somebre gloom, and the inspector thought it was hardly prudent to use his dark-lantern as yet; for the lights that shone from the farm-house near by indicated that the farmer or some one of his family was still up. Wilfred had a resource by which to dispel the gloom, and carried one in the basket. Placing the two forefingers of his left hand in his mouth, he gave a clear, ringing whistle. Cresus heard it, and was silent; but scarcely a minute elapsed before he was at the side of his master, and ready to conduct him to the lodging they had formerly occupied. Then Achilles, Wilfred, the inspector, in spite of the discovery, was obliged to light the dark-lantern in order to commence operations. He condoled himself with the remark:

"These country people are superstitious; and if they should see the light, they will attribute it to the pranks of Will-o'-the-wisp, providing we preserve the strictest silence. Forward!"

Cresus led the way to the hayrick, and Achilles prepared to take an active part in the night's performance. The ground beneath the hay was of a soft and spongy nature, and he threw aside the pick as a useless implement. He plied his spade, however, like a man who is accustomed to digging trenches, the focus from the inspector's lantern serving to light up his field of operations. Not more than a dozen sods had been turned by the strong arm of the Titan, when something that sparkled like broken glass in the sunshine attracted the eagle eye of the inspector, and he ordered Achilles to stop digging.

The light did not shine on the inspector's face, but his manner of speaking convinced Wilfred that he was terribly agitated, although not unaccustomed to thrilling sensations. Wilfred, for his own part, felt like swooning when he saw Achilles stoop down and pick up a trinket shaped like a diamond, star-studded with emeralds. Achilles handed the prize to the inspector, who scanned it closely for a moment by the light of the lantern, and then passed it to Wilfred. The sharp eye of the lapidary detected instantly that the stones were paste; but the bauble was otherwise a perfect fac-simile of a beautiful jewel that decorated the bosom of the rich Count D'E——. Jacques Legendre had buried the counterfeit jewel with the body of his Polish confederate, together with all the garments he himself had worn while personating the character of the wealthy young nobleman.

"Be careful," said the inspector, "for I think we are burning."

Achilles threw aside the spade, got down upon his knees, and, like some gigantic ghoul hunting for prey, scraped the sandy soil aside with his brawny hands.

Barely three minutes elapsed, when the partially decomposed face of a human being appeared upon the surface. As Jacques Legendre never took the time to embalm his victims, that stench was intolerable; but the inspector had foreseen the difficulty, and he now fortified the nerves of the party with brandy, of which Achilles was allowed a double portion. The prize they sought for was soon unearthed and placed in the sack, which Achilles shouldered as he would have done with an equal weight of salt or flour. This temporary shroud of Jacques Legendre's Polish confederate was of the strongest linen, treble lined, and covered with a coating of pitch inside and out, to render it perfectly air-tight—else the stench from the decomposed body would have been unbearable.

When they reached the coach, Achilles, with easy indifference, handed his burden to Faubourg St. Antoine. The driver had no suspicion as to what the sack contained, and placed it under the seat as he would any other article of freight. The fact of the case might have shocked his nerves, as he was of a convivial turn of mind, and not partial to dead men or ghosts. Accustomed to the dark and unwholesome slums of Paris, he never noticed the unpleasant small attached to his charge, and thought of nothing else so much as the fifty additional francs promised him by the inspector if the coach should be at Papa Lambert's an hour before daylight.

So well had Monsieur the Prefect organized his plans, that on their return route their passports were scarcely glanced at by the officers on duty; and, no accident occurring by the way, Papa Lambert received his unwelcome guests again at the hour of four in the morning. Faubourg St. Antoine helped Victor to unharness the team, while Achilles conveyed the sack and its ghastly contents to the apartment occupied by Doctor Balthazar. Then Monsieur the Inspector gave instructions to every member of the party that he must be ready to start at a moment's warning. They would not tarry for breakfast, as the worthy doctor, through the tender care of their generous host, had quite recovered from his indisposition, and was ready to start in a quarter of an hour.

Whether the sack contained gold or other treasures was a deep mystery to the mountebank; but he was sensible enough not to ask the inspector any impertinent questions. As regarded his own safety from the vindictiveness of the law, he had informed that he was not wanted for the present, though whether his arrest was to be delayed for a day, a month, or five years—ah! there was the rub. He was conscious that the authorities knew him as the confederate of a gang of counterfeiters, but they did not dream that he was the secret depositary of the vast sum in

NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALEXANDER, Miss Laura C.—Actress; and literary contributor to various periodicals; died in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 17, aged 23.

BARKER, Mrs. Jane.—Author of "Lyrical Illustrations," "Poems," "Love Triumphant," "Blind Agnes," "Mary Anne," "Lilian Gray," "Poems for Children," "Poems for Sunday Reading," "Poems for Children," "Poems for Sunday Reading," "Poems for Children," "Poems for Sunday Reading

BASEBALL.

THE EASTON CLUB RECORD.

The Easton Baseball Club of Easton, Pa., is a representative club of a class of which the Republic of Ellisdeth was a fair sample, viz., of those amateur organizations composed of paid players although nominally of amateur constitution and unprofessional character. The Easton Club is a case in point. A report of the games played during the season of 1873 will show that they play for hire, right "square on the level," and that one position only, and that a secondary one, is reserved for those to fill who do not receive pay. Of course, this is all right enough, and, like a trade, fills the coffers and gives employment to many, but it is not the thing for amateurs to do. The Easton Club found it very difficult to get games with the most prominent amateur clubs of the country, although they have their own inclosed grounds and offered every inducement. They frequently challenged the Chelsea, Actontons and Arlingtons, and tried in vain to get return games with the Nassau, Nameless, Irvington and Putaway. This is the only cause for their low number of games. The Easton nine was strengthened in the latter part of the season by the addition of Arthur Allison from the defunct Resolutes, and Wadsworth from the Philadelphians, who proved themselves valuable additions, and we can mention with pride that the Easton Club has turned out more professional players from their ranks than any other amateur club in the country, and yet have a good stock left. Their last assignment was Battin to the Athletic of Philadelphia. Mack, Devlin and Fulmer of the Philadelphia, and Donnelly of the Washington, tossed the ball in an amateur way for the Easton folks. The nine of 1873 was ably captained by Jack Smith, the pitcher, and most of the same players will be found in the Easton ranks the coming season."

VICTORIES.

May 29, Easton vs. Trenton, at Trenton, N. J.	27 to 11
June 25, Easton vs. Lafayette College, at Easton	23 7
July 4, Easton vs. Nameless of Brooklyn, N. Y., at Easton	39 5
July 12, Easton vs. Pickel Nine of Easton	54 11
July 24, Easton vs. Eureka of Phila., at Easton	37 18
July 31, Easton vs. Modoc of Phila., at Easton	34 14
Aug. 6, Easton vs. Irvington of N. J., at Easton	17 5
Aug. 26, Easton vs. Flyaway of N. Y. City, Easton	30
Sept. 3, Easton vs. Atlanta of Washington, N. J., East	20
Sept. 4, Easton vs. Independent of Bloomsburg, Pa., at Easton	24 6
Sept. 10, Easton vs. Arctic of Easton	92 2
Sept. 24, Easton vs. Modoc of Scranton, Pa., at Scranton	19 3

DEFEATS.

May 23, Easton vs. Philadelphia, at Easton	23
Aug. 11, Easton vs. Nassau of Brooklyn, N. Y., Eas	17 15
Aug. 27, Easton vs. Athletic of Phila., at Phila.	25

Games.	Runs	Games.	Runs
Battin, 3d b	15	62 Wadsworth, s. s.	6 19
Haag, 2d b	15	54 Allison, c. f.	6 16
Parks, 1 f	15	48 Abadie, 1st b	10 31
Waitt, r. f	15	50 Smith, p	15 47
Miller, c	15	51	

Number of runs made by Eastons..... 373
Number of runs made by opponents..... 165
Highest number of runs made by Eastons in a game..... 92
Highest number of runs made by opponents in a game 24
Lowest number of runs made by Eastons..... 4
Lowest number of runs made by opponents..... 0

THE UNION CLUB OF NEWARK, N. J.

This young amateur club of Newark, said to be a worthy successor of the famed Eureka Club of that city, played some remarkably fine games during their season of 1873, as their record below shows. The club numbers nearly eighty members, and it is no credit to such a city as Newark that this club and other local organizations of the kind find such difficulty in obtaining a suitable ground to play on. No town in the country is properly governed which does not supply to its youth a space of ground for ballplaying. The record of victories and defeats for 1873, in which are two games which should have been added to the Resolute Club record, is as follows:

VICTORIES.

May 29, Union vs. Oneida of Bloomfield	27 to 11
June 12, Union vs. Unique of Orange	34 13
June 19, Union vs. Excelsior of Newark	33 4
June 26, Union vs. Amateur of Elizabeth	24 2
July 10, Union vs. Star of Newark	11 10
July 19, Union vs. Franklin of Rahway	37 13
Aug. 8, Union vs. Magic of Newark	12 9
Aug. 9, Union vs. Flyaway of New York	16 8
Aug. 27, Union vs. Quickstep of Paterson	31 9
Sept. 3, Union vs. Franklin of Rahway	24 13
Oct. 2, Union vs. Star of Newark	17 15
Oct. 9, Union vs. Alpha of Roseville	21 14
Totals	287 121

Average runs to a game—23 11-12 to 10 1-12.

FORFEIT.

July 31, Union vs. Franklin of Rahway	9 0
Sept. 18, Union vs. Oneida of Orange	9 0

DEFEATS.

June 5, Star of Newark vs. Union	30 25
July 4, Silver Star of New York vs. Union	8 5
July 16, Oneida of Orange vs. Union	24 11
July 24, Silver Star of New York vs. Union	7 3
Aug. 19, Oneida of Orange vs. Union	20 10
Aug. 28, Silver Star of New York vs. Union	13 12
Sept. 11, Alpha of Roseville vs. Union	11 10
Oct. 16, Amateur of Elizabeth vs. Union	23 21
Totals	127 99

Average to a game—15 7-10 to 12 5-10.

PROFESSIONAL.

July 1, Resolute of Elizabeth vs. Union	16 3
July 8, Resolute of Elizabeth vs. Union	15 10

The record gives the names of players playing most games: Pierson played 24 games, made 51 runs; Shock played 23 games, made 51 runs; Cox played 20 games, made 38 runs; Hand played 19 games, made 47 runs; Price played 16 games, made 21 runs; Snyder played 17 games, made 26 runs; Gough played 15 games, made 25 runs; Morton played 14 games, made 35 runs; Wright played 13 games, made 27 runs.

AMATEUR ASSOCIATIONS.—The list of these organizations is rapidly increasing. There is the Louisiana Association, the Pacific Association, the Massachusetts Association, and now we have the Rhode Island Association. This latter elected the following officers on Jan. 14: President, J. G. Peck, Olympics (address, lock-box 310, Providence); vice-president, James Hickey, Mayflowers; secretary, Thomas F. McNeal, Monitors (address, 50 Dodge street, Providence); treasurer, George W. Lane, Atlantics; judge-advocate, Robert Nichol, Olympics. At a meeting held Nov. 19, it was voted that the Atlantics of Cranston be recognized as the champions for the season of 1873. A committee was also appointed to procure an inclosed field. The first quarterly meeting was held Jan. 14, but, owing to the severe snowstorm, the representation was small, and very little business done. The second quarterly meeting will be held Wednesday evening, March 18, at 7.30 o'clock.

BASEBALL NOTES.—The Philadelphia Club have made two valuable acquisitions to their list of players in the persons of York and Craver of the Baltimore nine of 1873.....Hastings, of the Baltimore nine of 1873, made a match for life with a fair maid of Baltimore, last week. It is to be home-and-home. He is to congratulate.....The Chicago Club is paying their new ten salaries regularly. We supposed that Gassette would push that enterprise through.

A PUBLIC PROFESSIONAL GROUND.—Mr. Maguire of the Prospect Park Engineer Corps has suggested to the Brooklyn Park Commission the establishment of a public professional ball-ground, for which he says a fair entrance-fee is to be charged. There is a waste piece of ground near the Coney Island Railroad route, which could be laid out at comparatively small expense.

F. ABBOTT, ex-captain of the Locust Baseball Club of Rye, N. Y., informs us that said organization was not one of the Confidence Club's opponents last season, as was erroneously stated by the secretary of the latter club in the averages sent us. Mr. Abbott says the Locusts ceased to exist in 1872. An explanation by the Confidence secretary would be acceptable.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOOT-RACING IN ENGLAND.

Two interesting pedalistic contests came off at the Gateshead Borough Grounds, Newcastle, Eng., on Dec. 27. The chief event was a race of a mile and a half, for £50, between J. McLeavy, the mile champion, and J. S. Ridley, the ex-champion at the same distance. Fully four thousand persons paid admission to the grounds. On Oct. 11, these same men ran for Tom Senn's mile-championship cup, when McLeavy won by three yards. Ridley showed in much better form than was expected of him, and his backers asked for and obtained the present engagement. Ridley is 28 years of age, 5ft. 7½in. high, and scaled 135½lb. while McLeavy is seven years younger, three inches smaller in stature, and 9½lb less in weight. Speculation opened at 6 to 4 on McLeavy, but closed at 5 to 4 on the champion. W. Oldham, the pistol-firer and referee, quickly dispatched his men, and McLeavy, commencing at a sprinting pace, at once wore down his opponent, until when 300 yards had been covered he was level with Ridley. The latter, however, drew away again, and with a lead of four yards entered the straight the second time. Then McLeavy closed up the gap by two yards, and without further change in the positions they ran another lap and a half of about 900 yards. McLeavy now shot up level with his opponent, but Ridley would not have him, and forging ahead he led by three yards to the bottom of the backstretch. The Gateshead man then drew farther away, and thirty yards below the Stand was leading a dozen yards, when McLeavy stopped altogether, from, it was said, exhaustion. The favorite was then assisted back to the stripping cabin, and in the meantime Ridley finished the last lap alone. Ridley ran strong and well, and was loudly cheered; but McLeavy's performance was not favorably criticised, and there were some insulting remarks made to him.....Next on the card was a 100 yards spin, for £100, between R. Coe and T. Meek. The men had met on similar conditions about **six weeks before, when Meek won very cleverly by two yards, but the backers of Coe accounted for their man's defeat, that he was out of form. A second match was at once arranged, and both men put themselves into strict training, and got into first-class trim. Betting set in heavily at evens, but the rush upon Meek was so great that at the finish 7 to 4 was laid on him. W. Oldham sent them away smartly by pistol signal, and they ran level until 58 yards had been covered. Meek, however, then got the best of it, and, drawing gradually away, won cleverly by a good yard. J. Talbot, referee.....On Jan. 1 there was a large muster of spectators at the City Grounds, Manchester, when Joseph Bailey and Joseph Balderson ran 440 yards for £80. Bailey is 22 years of age, stands 5ft. 6in. in height, and weighs 130lb. Balderson stands 5ft. 8in. in height, weighs 141lb, and will complete his 21st birthday next June. The betting opened at evens, but this meeting with little response, the odds kept gradually increasing until as much as 2 to 1, and in some instances 5 to 2, was freely laid on Bailey, who, it was whispered about, had done an extraordinary trial. As soon as the signal was given both men bounded simultaneously from their marks, but Bailey, being the quicker on his legs, soon placed a gap of three yards to his credit, which advantage he increased to about five yards on entering the straight for home. Balderson now made his effort, but he was unable to close up the gap which he had allowed Bailey to get, and the latter came in a clever winner by a yard and a half. The time occupied by Bailey to complete the distance was 53¾ sec., which must be considered very good, taking into consideration the soft state of the ground. James Hughes officiated as stakeholder and referee, and W. Norris was starter.**

HIPPODROMING.—A so-called ten-mile walking match, for $500 a side, between Ed. Mullen of Boston, Mass., and W. E. Harding of this city, took place at Madison Hall, Thirty-fourth street, on Jan. 13. Quite a number of gullible people paid fifty cents to see what they in their innocence supposed was to be a genuine walking match. The principals were on hand, and walked and trotted around the hall for nearly an hour and a half, generally taking it pretty easy, when the farce was ended by the exceedingly "comedy" announcement that Mullen had covered ten miles in 1 hour, 29 minutes, 50 seconds, which is only 1 minute 1 second behind, as the match is heavy on the minutes faster than the best recorded time, made by Bowes in England, command would seem to be unnecessary, so clearly does it stamp the whole thing as a fraud. But, for the benefit of those who may have been deceived in the matter, we will state that there is not the slightest reason to believe that there was a public stake, or attended gate-money, being the object in view, as in every previous meeting at Hall, and as it is in the fresh arrangements announced for another walk of four miles. Students of "fake" will regret the absence of regret that the shoot-'em-and-run disgraceful exhibition at the Madison Square Garden, the actual distance walked was nearer seven miles than ten.

THE TURF.

THE BOARD OF APPEALS.
RECENT DECISIONS.

Since the last issue of THE CLIPPER, the Board of Appeals have announced decisions in two more cases. The cases in question were those of Wm. H. Mechling vs. The Pittsburgh Driving Park (J. A. McKee, proprietor) and Wm. S. McLaughlin vs. The Quickstep Park Trotting Association (Toledo, O.). The first-named case was the appeal for the payment of the first premium of $500, claimed to have been won by the 4-year-old horse Blue Ridge in a contest on Sept. 1, 1873, for a purse given by Mr. McKee, the proprietor of the Pittsburgh Driving Park, for horses that had not beaten 2:50. In support of his claim Mr. Mechling produced the affidavits of the judges of the said race, subscribed and sworn to in February and March, 1873, setting forth and certifying "that said horse Blue Ridge had been by them declared the winner of said race, and consequently entitled to the first premium contended for; and that no protest was offered either before or during the race, and that they could see no reason why their decision should be reversed." When this case was first brought before the Board of Appeals, on July 8, 1873, they ordered that Mr. McKee must pay to the applicant the $500 premium, or appear before the Board and show cause why the same should not be paid. He now appears and gives his reasons for refusing to pay the $500 claimed. He says that Blue Ridge had a previous record, better than 2:50, and was consequently ineligible to enter for the purse aforesaid, and produced as witnesses Mr. A. W. Holthouse of Allegheny City, who testified that the horse Blue Ridge was formerly called Jimmy Dolan, under which name he had won a race over the West View Park in Allegheny County, Pa., in the Fall of 1868, in which the time of one of the heats won by him was announced from the stand to be 2:47 or 2:48; and that the said race was for a set of harness. Another witness was John Carson, who in his affidavit testified that he drove the said horse Jimmy Dolan in the aforesaid race in 1868, and knew him to be the horse now called Blue Ridge. The affidavits of A. H. Monroe, who drove the gray horse Prince as a competitor in the said race, and of Jacob Born, who was one of the judges of the race in question, were to the same effect. It was in consequence of these facts, that Mr. McKee refused to pay the $500 to Blue Ridge, but paid over the purse to the other horses in the race, in the order in which they came in. The Board now decides that the application of Mr. Mechling for the payment of the money be disallowed, and that the bay gelding Blue Ridge be recorded as expelled for having been entered in a purse in which he did not belong.

The circumstances of the second case are as follows: W. S. McLaughlin had entered his sorrel gelding Billy in the 2:44 class purse, and in the double team purse he entered the said Billy and R. J. Wheeler's brown mare Kate. The Quickstep Park Association advertised that the entries for their Summer meeting closed June 5; but, it appearing on that day that the purses had not filled, the time for receiving entries was extended to June 15, of which notice was published and given to those parties who had made entries on the 5th. Mr. McLaughlin trotted his horse Billy in the 2:44 class, in which he was distanced in the third heat, but did not trot his double-team entry of Billy and Brown Kate, driving instead a team entered by another party under the second advertisement. The Association now demanded of him one half the entrance money for the double-team race for the horse Billy, that for the brown mare Kate having previously been paid by her owner, Mr. Wheeler. The Board decided that Mr. McLaughlin was not responsible for the entrance money of Billy on the team race, and that the said McLaughlin and his horse Billy are permanently reinstated in all the privileges of the National Association.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

Gen. Harding of Nashville, Tenn., has sold to Mr. Charles Ballgate, for Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the two-year-old filly Venango, by Vandal out of Woodbine by Lexington, and she will join Mr. Lorillard's string at his training quarters in Burlington Co., N. J., next week.....Two prominent patrons of the turf in Indianapolis are endeavoring to get up a trotting meeting there, to be held in June next, immediately preceding the Cleveland races.....Mr. Jerome Case of Racine, Wis., who owns the six-year-old trotter Mila C., by Blue Bell, has sent her to Budd Doble at Philadelphia, to develop her speed the coming season.....The Columbus (Ohio) Driving Park Association held a meeting last week, and, after electing officers for the current year, decided to give $10,000 in premiums to be trotted for at their annual meeting, held in the first week in July next.....Mr. F. Williamson, a prominent California turfman, died recently at San Francisco. He was the original proprietor of the Pillows Park Course, and subsequently built the Bay View Park Course.....The trustees of the Rochester Driving Park have let the contract for the construction of the judges' stand, grand entrance, grand-stand and stables for $24,000, with the stipulation that the work shall be completed by June 25 next.....The black mare Sunnyside, who had a record of 2:30, died recently on the farm of her owner, Mr. T. B. Jackson, at Mount Rose, N. J.; she left several promising colts.

STAKES OPENED.—The Monmouth Park Association have opened the following stakes, which will close on March 1: The Hopeful, July, Thespian and August Stakes, for two-year-olds, $50 entrance, p. p., with $500 added to each; the Monmouth Cup, value $1,500, $50 entrance, p. p.; the Monmouth Sequel Stakes, for three-year-olds, $50 each, p. p., with $800 added; and the Long Branch Stakes, for all ages, $30 each, p. p., with $500 added. The American Jockey Club have the following stakes open for nominations, which close on March 1: The Juvenile Stakes, for two-year-olds, $100 entrance, half forfeit, with $500 added; the Fordham Handicap Stakes, $50 each, half forfeit, with $500 added; the Jockey Club Handicap Stakes, $100 each, half forfeit, with $1,000 added; and the Westchester Cup, $50 each, p. p., with $1,500 added; second horse to receive $300.

THE CANADIAN DERBY.—This important stake for three-year-olds, the principal event on the Canadian turf, closed on Jan. 1 with twenty-seven entries. The conditions are $200 each, half forfeit, with $600 added; colts to carry 100lb., fillies, 97lb.; Dominion-bred horses allowed 7lb; one mile and a half. The majority of the entries are from the United States, several of them being from New Orleans. Hunter & Travers of this city have entered two, John Coffee has three, and Joe Donahue and Hugh Gaffney one each. Among the public performers we note the names of Dublin, Culpepper, Crow's Meat, Vesta, Stampede, Nettie Norton, Erastus Corning, etc. Among the Canadian entries we notice the imported colt Earl Marshall, by the Derby and St. Leger winner Lord Lyon, out of Bugle-note by Trumpeter.

GRAND STALLION TROTTING RACE.—The well-known Boston turfman Mr. David Blanchard announces that he will give a purse of $10,000 and four gold medals for a grand stallion trotting race for the championship of the United States, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, over the Mystic Park, Medford, near Boston, on Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1874. The purse will be open to all stallions in the United States and Canada, and will be divided into four prizes, viz.: $4,000 to the first horse, $3,000 to the second, $2,000 to the third, and $1,000 to the fourth. A magnificent gold medal will also be awarded to each stallion winning a premium. The conditions are a good day and good track. Entrance money ten per cent. of the purse, and to be paid on or before Sept. 1; entries to close May 1.

RACING AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—The revival of racing in the Southern States is gradually but steadily progressing. Before the war, no racecourse on the American turf was more popular or better patronized than the Washington track in Charleston, S. C., and a spirited effort is being made to revive horseracing over the old course, and restore its former glories. It is to be again put into proper condition for running, and a meeting is proposed to be held in February. Many Northern owners of trotting stock have expressed their intention of sending in the work of revival, and will send their horses to run at the proposed meeting, even if no club purse should be hung up for competition.

DEATH OF A RACING TRAINER.—In our last week's issue we announced the death of the popular young g racing trainer Mr. David Buckley, and now it is our painful duty to record that of another equally well-known trainer, Garry Bell, who died at Union Hill, N. J., last week, after a painful and lingering illness. He was for some time trainer for the Virginia stable of Major T. W. Doswell, and had previously been engaged in a similar capacity with Messrs. Hunter & Travers and with Col. McDaniels, when the latter was the proprietor of the Secaucus, N. J., racecourse.

THE CHALLENGE TO THAD STEVENS.—Messrs. Homewood & Johnson of Westfield, N. Y., who issued the bold ded to the owner of the California champion, Thad Stevens, repeat their former assertion that the challenge was a *bona-fide* one, and state that they will start for California with their stable in June next, and show Mr. George Treat they mean business, by running against Thad Stevens in the race proposed. Better put up a few hundred dollars forfeit, gentlemen, and then the public will believe you really are in earnest.

THE TEN BROECK STAKES.—The entries for this stake for three-year-olds, $25 entrance, p. p., with $300 added, to be run for on Feb. 3, at the meeting of the Savannah, Ga., Jockey Club, closed on Jan. 1, with the following six nominations: A. B. Lewis & Co.'s ch. f. Belle of Australia and br. f. Vanderbilt; T. G. Bacon's b. c. Father Ryan by Vandal dam imported Rosalind, and his ch. f. Flower Girl; D. O'Connor's ch. f. Fannie; and L. A. Hitchcock's br. f. Boone.

A THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PURSE.—Encouraged by the success which attended the race for the purse of $20,000, four-mile heats, in November last, the Pacific Jockey Club of San Francisco is now agitating the project of going $10,000 better, and giving a purse of $30,000 for all running horses in the world, four-mile heats; the race to take place in California next Fall, probably in September or October. We hope the project will be realized.

JOE DANIELS AND NELL FLAHERTY.—Another match is reported to be made in California papers as having been arranged between these noted racehorses; the distance this time being a mile and repeat, instead of a mile-and-half dash, as in the previous match. The race will come off over the Ocean View Driving Park at an early day.

C. H. ROBERTSON of Buffalo, N. Y., defeated E. C. Thompson of Charlestown, Mass., in a wrestling match which took place in a loft over Carey's saloon, in the latter town, Jan. 15. He secured two falls in succession. Joseph Ham officiated as referee, Wm. Hickey umpiring for Robertson, and W. P. Knox for Thompson.

THE UNIT CLUB are to hold their second annual invitation ball at Verein Hall, corner of Third avenue and Fifty-fifth street, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 21.

TRIGGER.

NEW JERSEY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—On the 12th inst., the members of this organization held their monthly shoot at Sea View Park, New Dorp, S. I. The day was not very favorable for the sport, as the wind blew quite strong, but notwithstanding this drawback the contestants made a creditable display of skill. The first contest was for the diamond badge, 25 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, with two ounces of shot, the competitors being C. Watson and W. A. Dunlap. Each killed fourteen, and in shooting off the dive birds, 26 yards rise, Dunlap won by a score of 5 to 3. Six persons then contended for a handsome silver cup, 25 each, 8 singles, 1 ounce of shot, five traps, 27 yards boundary. J. Wilson won, killing 6. J. P. Feller was referee in each contest. A sweepstakes at 5 singles each followed, $2 each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1 ounce shot, $10 to the winner, $9 to the second. D. Bailey won, bringing down all his birds in fine style, and beating eleven others. G. Wild, C. Townsend, D. Kelley, J. Alyson and A. Hughes killed four each, and in shooting off as three singles, C. Townsend and J. Tyson killed all and divided the money. A sweepstakes at 5 singles, $5 each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1 oz. of shot, brought the day's exercise to a close, J. P. Feller winning by killing all. D. Blake acted as referee in the two latter events.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN ENGLAND—AN AMERICAN VISA.—A silver cup, valued at £25, was contended for by a number of crack shots, belonging to the upper-class of society, at Ewell, Surrey, Dec. 26, the competitors shooting at 25 single birds each, from five traps, double guns, use of both barrels, 1¼ ounces of shot. Mr. Jaffery of New York, came off victorious, as will be seen by the score appended:

Jaffery, 27yds	1000011011101110101101110—14
Stone, 26yds	0010011010011010100100101—11
Barnes, 26yds	0111000010000001101101—10
Granger, 25yds	0000110100001010001000—8

COCKING.

RAIDS ON THE FANCY.—Bergh's officers were unusually active last week, especially in New Jersey, a State where the sport has hitherto flourished without much interruption from the myrmidons of the law. On Wednesday night, the 14th inst., they made a raid upon a well-known popular pit in Hoboken, and arrested three of the principals in *flagrante delicto*, who were held in $500 bail each to appear for trial. The proprietors of the different pits in Westchester County, since its annexation to New York City, and consequent subjection to the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police, have been notified by Mr. Bergh's agents to close them or take the consequences of arrest. In the case of the cock-fighters arrested at Hunter's Point the week previous (a report of which appeared in the last issue of THE CLIPPER), and who were brought before Recorder Parsells of Astoria, the evidence of Mr. Bergh's officers was not sufficient to convict, and they were all discharged.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.—Some months ago W. G. Grace, the celebrated cricketer, took an eleven to Australia, and in *Bell's Life* of Jan. 3 we find the result of their meeting with a team composed of eighteen of Victoria, being the first match played after their arrival. The match was commenced on Saturday, and at the end of the first day's play Victoria had placed 244 runs to their credit for ten wickets. On the following Monday the game was renewed, and the wickets fell rapidly, but they increased their innings to 267 against the bowling of Southerton, Lillywhite and Mr. Messen. Grace, With such a large score staring them in the face the Englishmen went in, and were all disposed of for 110, of which W. G. Grace scored 51 (not out), so it can be readily imagined what the remainder of the team accomplished. They, of course, had to follow on; but, though making a better stand, they only reached 135, of which the champion, who was bowled, contributed 33. It will thus be seen that the eleven were beaten by an innings and twenty-two runs.

THE ST. GEORGE CLUB.—This veteran club held its thirty-fourth annual election of officers on the 5th inst., when a very judicious selection was made, as will be seen by the appended names of those chosen for 1874: President, John G. Dale; vice president, G. T. Green; treasurer, Chas. Vinten; secretary, W. R. Bowman; committee of management, Messrs. Mostyn, Mumford, Mueran, Talbot and Satterthwaite. The secretary's address is 88 Wall street, room No. 4.

SKATING.—The ball was up in Brooklyn on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the Capitoline Lake, and on the two latter days at the Union. On Saturday there was quite a carnival time at the Capitoline Lake, a band of music and over two thousand people being present during the afternoon and evening. Among the skaters were the Dollard brothers, Palm Johnson, Andrew Dupignac, Professor Cook of Hoboken, and prominent members of the New York Club, there being no place in this city for the latter to skate. On Sunday, though the signals are never up on that day, all who went to Prospect Park to skate were allowed on the ice, some three thousand people being on the inner lake at about 4 P. M. The fog of Monday put an end to the sport, as also to the sleighing.

M. LEON GILLEMAND, an accomplished professor of the art of swordsmanship, for many years fencing-master to the London Club, died at London, Eng., recently. A Frenchman by birth, he visited England about forty years ago, which country he thereafter made his home. The late Emperor Napoleon for many years allowed him a liberal pension (he having been a drummer-boy at Waterloo), which ceased only with the Emperor's dethronement.

A SUMMER RESORT, club-house and sporting farm, on the Chesapeake Bay, near Annapolis, Md., is offered for sale. There is an abundance of game in the vicinity, good fishing, and plenty of fruit grows on the premises. There is also hourly communication with Annapolis by steamboat. For further particulars address L. D. Gulliford, as per card in another column.

CURLING.—The Caledonian and Thistle Clubs played points for their respective club medals on Jan. 16 and 17, at Prospect Park. Mr. G. B. Lewis won the Caledonian medal by 7 points, and Mr. Galloway the Thistle Club medal by 5 points. The two clubs were to have played their return match on the 19th, and the grand match, "North *vs.* South," was to have been played this week at Central Park, but the thaw of Monday put a stop to curling hereabouts.

ICE-BOAT SAILING.—On Jan. 17 the Prospect Park Ice-boat Club inaugurated their first season, the secretary's boat, "Lady of the Lake," being launched on the ice at the large lake at the Park. President Culyer's boat, "Icicle," would have been launched on the 19th, had the weather suited. A race is to be sailed as soon as the ice favors.

AMUSEMENTS.

WANTED.—AN ENGAGEMENT BY A CHAMPION JIG DANCER AND CHARACTER SONG AND DANCE PERFORMER, who is a tasteful variety, comedy or minstrel troupe. Has a good wardrobe. Address, stating terms, HARRY J. YOUNG, Oswego, N. Y. 43-1t*

MLLE. THERESA ANTONINO, PREMIERE DANSEUSE, Theatre Royal, Montreal, until Jan. 24.
Managers will address as above up to Jan. 24. After that date care of CLIPPER Office. 43-1t*

A POSITION WANTED BY A YOUNG LADY. Can sing Comic and Serio-comic Songs, play bells and blow solo alto or baritone horn. Address MISS A. C. BRADY, 1,718 South Tenth street, St. Louis, Mo. 43-1t*

MISS IONA LANG, QUEEN OF SONG, HAS BECOME A DECIDED FAVORITE AT BILLY PASTOR'S THEATRE COMIQUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J. 43-1t*

TOMMY HAYWOOD, THE FAVORITE CLOWN, ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN, etc., date with John O'Brien, and ALICE GILMORE, entire rider, song-and-dance lady, and serio-comic vocalist, can be engaged for the season of 1874.
Managers of Circuses or Concerts will please address in care of CLIPPER office. 43-1t*

INSTRUCTION FOR THE STAGE.
SIGNOR VALLO, 439 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, Pa., is prepared to give instruction in all branches of the profession. 43-2t

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF GERRY & SCRIBNER'S PURELY SENSATIONAL ACT,
now traveling in Canada. Managers of variety halls wishing to negotiate for this novel and refined entertainment can address GERRY & SCRIBNER, Montreal, Canada, or care CLIPPER office. Open at Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, Jan. 22, for six nights. 43-1t*

W. H. BURDEAU, CLOWN AND STILT PERFORMER, AND WIFE, MLLE. JEANNETTE, PREMIERE EQUESTRIENNE, can be engaged for the next testing season. Address 43-2t* 1,325 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. E. MCCARTHY can be engaged as bill-poster or programmer for the season of 1874. Address J. E. MCCARTHY, Billposter, Kalamazoo, Mich. 43-3t*

E. BARTRAM, No. 108 North Sixteenth street, PHILADELPHIA, PA. 43-1t*

NOTICE. PHIL DIEFENBACH, RING-MASTER, EQUESTRIAN DIRECTOR AND LAYER-OUT, is re-engaged with John O'Brien, for THE COMING SEASON. FOR HIS 6 TENT SHOW. 43-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE, JACKSON, MICH.—ED. LOCKE and DEN HOWE, Proprietors. Also, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Grand Rapids, Mich. WANTED, first-class Lady Artists, Comedian, Singing Chambermaid, and Utility Leader. Also, a good Variety Performer, to put up a few turns. No wine-room. Address DEN HOWE, Theatre Comique, Jackson. 43-1t*

TO EQUESTRIANS AND GYMNASTS.—GEORGE MADIGAN (age 17), who is a good HURDLE-RIDER, TRAPEZIST, TUMBLER AND BAR PERFORMER, would like to apprentice himself. Address Care of CLIPPER office. 43-1t*

WANTED, THIS WEEK, LADY VARIETY PERFORMER, who has good wardrobe for character songs, and a SONG-AND-DANCE MAN who can do horizontal bar act, to travel with a small troupe for five weeks. Salary low, but sure. 43-1t* BILLY DE VOE, Box 167, Logansport, Ind.

YOUNG MAGICIANS, send for the MAGIC POCKETBOOK, only 25c. C. MELVIN, JR., Stoneham, Mass. Other tricks for sale at low rates. 43-4t*

BUFFALO OPERA-HOUSE (Late Weston's Opera-house, No. 20 Arcade), BUFFALO, N. Y.
GRAND OPENING JAN. 26, 1874.
H. J. DONEDION.....Lessee and Manager
OSCAR WILLIS.....Business Manager
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. SEATING CAPACITY 1,500.
First-class artists wishing opening dates address immediately as above.
WANTED FOR THE OPENING—A first-class pianist, bass, clarionet and piccolo player. All to play brass. Also wanted, 20 BALLET LADIES. 43-1t*

WANTED, A PURCHASER FOR ONE OF THE BEST COLLECTIONS IN THE COUNTRY, consisting of STUFFED BIRDS, ANIMALS, WONDERFUL FREAKS OF NATURE, also NOTED CHARACTERS IN WAX, etc. Apply CHADWICK'S MUSEUM, Wilmington, Delaware. 43-1t*

SONGS, BURLESQUES, PLAYS, LECTURES, ETC., Written to order. Address WM. R. WATTS, 43-1t* 33 Amity street, N. Y.

FOR SALE, A DIORAMA OF AUSTRALIA, illustrative of convict and emigrant life. The two largest lenses, and the most perfect ones in this country. Apply to R. ONDERDONK, 43-1t* 905 Grand st., N. Y.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. Twenty-eighth street, next to Broadway. Begins at 8. MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.....Proprietor and Manager
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings.
MAN AND WIFE.
Tuesday and Thursday evenings,
SARATOGA.
Matinee Saturday at half-past one, MAN AND WIFE. 43-1t

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 7:30. Prices—50 cents.
NEW WEEK—Both to-night and 60th performance of FOX'S Grand, Spectacular Comic Trick Pantomime, HUMPTY DUMPTY ABROAD,
which continues to be the great
CRAZE OF THE HOUSEHOLD!
FAMILY MATINEE on Saturday, at 1½ o'clock. 43-1t

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, 472 STREET, Dramatic Scenes of Uncle Tom and Eugene's Fairy Burlesque,
CINDERELLA AND THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.
Dan Bryant and Neil Bryant as the cruel sisters.
Scenes of Interest at Josh Hart's Comic Court-scene, The Mutton Trial, The Mud-an Guard Black Brigade" (by permission of the originals, Messrs. Harrigan and Hart). Positively the Closing Max.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. SEATS SECURED. 43-1t*

BILLY BARRY'S THEATRE COMIQUE, 30 NEWARK AVENUE, JERSEY CITY, N. J. BUSINESS IMMENSE, and all the time improving. HOLMES CROWDER, AND WHY? THE PEOPLE ARE MORE THAN SATISFIED. SOMETHING THEY NEVER EXPECTED, A REALLY FIRST-CLASS VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT IN JERSEY CITY, AND THERE IS NO BETTER IN THE COUNTRY OR THE WORLD. First-class artists address as above. Matinee especially for ladies and children, EVERY THURSDAY, COMMENCING AT 2.30. 43-1t

JERSEY CITY THEATRE. M. CAMPBELL and FRED LUBIN.....Proprietors
B. A. BAKER.....Business Manager
Engagement for one week and one matinee of the celebrated
MAJILTON AND RAYNOR FAMILY.
MISS MARIE MAJILTON.
MR. CHARLES and FRANK MAJILTON.
Messrs. HARRY AND CHARLES RAYNOR,
with a powerful combination of artists.
Monday, Jan. 19, during the week, and SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2 O'CLOCK, the great Olympic success of GABRIEL GRUB.
Monday evening, Jan. 26, the world-renowned HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE.
First-class Combinations address B. A. BAKER, Jersey City Theatre, or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, 8 West Fourth street, New York. 43-1t*

KEYSTONE OPERA-HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA.
JESSE BEAM.....Proprietor.
P. HANNA.....Business Manager.
ROBT. HOOLEY.....Stage-manager.
VARIETY PERFORMERS WANTED IMMEDIATELY, AND AT ALL TIMES.
Ladies especially invited to write. Address 43-1t* J. P. HANNA.

DISSOLVING VIEWS FOR LANTERNS, with Gas-bag, Apparatus and 100 Views. Will sell for $100. J. HARMAN 2,234 Franklin st., St. Louis. 43-1t*

CHAS. T. ELLIS, SEND ME ADDRESS BY TELEGRAPH, TO BOSTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MASS. CHAS. H. HICKS, 43-1t Agent Brennans.

DE ST. FELIX CHILDREN. Have had their attention called to an advertisement that appeared in THE CLIPPER of Aug. 23, 1873, in which a ballet girl called Lottie La Pointe claimed relationship with them. The St. Felix family deem it proper to reply that the St. Felix Sisters are in no way related to this Lottie La Pointe, and that no branch of their family bears that name. They have never been in any way connected with this person, and their father, Mons. de St. Felix, is director of their ballet troupe. Address 263 East Tenth street, New York.
This person is cautioned against publishing any further false statements, as a repetition will lead to the institution of measures that will insure silence. 43-1t*

PERFORMING DOGS. A. Ambrosi begs leave to inform managers with whom he has been negotiating that he has sold his troupe of performing dogs to Prof. R. Nelson. Also, that he has in preparation another troupe. Parties wishing to purchase can apply to A. AMBROS, 43-2t* 588 E. 5th street, New York.

**TO CI

POOR JIM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Hallos, Bill! How are you? Goll darn it, I hain't seen you for nuther 'a year. Just back from York? Wall, I'm mighty glad To meet an old pard out here.

Who's yer friend, old man? Interduce me. What? You Jim Thompson's son? Shake! Yunker, you look like yer father: An' me an' him's had heapins o' fun.

Come to get information? Wall, old hoss, you may jest pitch in. Ask me a mountain o' questions— They'll all pan out well for Jim.

You see, Jim were sort o' pions; An', yunker, he were as squar' As a Methodist deacon or parson, An' I reckon you know what *them* are.

Wall, Jim went out one day huntin', An' soon struck the trail of a b'ar; He followed him up, an'—well, yunker, That's his pelt you see hangin' up thar!

I found Jim next morning all mangled An' bloody, right high in the b'ar; An', yunker, he had his hands fo'ded As though he were sayin' a pra'r.

That's his grave over thar, an'— What? Yunker on Jim's grave! Sho! It makes me feel weak as a woman To see poor Jim's boy take on so.

Let's licker, Bill; an' here's hopin' That when our chips are passed in An' we go frailin' fer the Jordan, We'll be as clean a score as poor Jim.

New York, Jan. 12, 1874. JAY BROOK.

HOW I WAS SOLD.

IN TWO PARTS.—II.

The lights were shortly afterwards extinguished in the saloon. A few of the male passengers returned to the promenade deck to smoke a last cigar before retiring to rest; but the majority remained below to seek their berths, while the few who occupied state-rooms on deck took possession of them. In half an hour I was once more left alone.

There was a wooden awning built over the after-deck, in the rear of the saloon, though, of course, the air had free access on all sides. It was a lovely, starlit night, slightly but not unpleasantly cool, after the sultry heat of the day. I had seated myself in the stern of the boat, and was watching the numerous lake market-boats gliding silently over the smooth water—the white sails of those at a distance, indistinctly seen in the darkness, causing them to appear like phantom vessels—when the captain made his appearance to take a last look at the night.

Presently he espied me, and came towards me—"A fine night, sir," he said cheerfully, as he drew near, and seated himself on the skylight.

I assented, somewhat moodily.

"You have a state-room on deck, I presume?" he continued.

"No," I replied.

"No! Then you've looked out your berth in the cabin? If you haven't, I should recommend you to do so. We try to accommodate everybody; but where there are so many passengers, there are always some who *will* encroach upon the comforts of others, if they have the chance."

"I have no berth," I replied. "I do not wish for one."

The captain looked somewhat earnestly at me, trying to distinguish my features amid the darkness.

"I beg your pardon," he said, presently; "but may I ask whether you are not the gentleman who declined to take supper this evening? I was sorry when the steward mentioned the circumstance to me, and would have come on deck to invite you down myself, but I could not quit the helm and leave the ladies. I hope you have met with no unpleasantness from any of the company? I should be really sorry if such be the case."

The captain spoke so kindly, that I really could not find courage to tell him that I was annoyed at the detention of the boat; and I replied that I had no cause for complaint, but that I felt unwell.

"Then why did you not say so?" he went on. "Perhaps you would have liked something brought to you on deck? Can I order the steward to get you anything now? Is there anything you would especially fancy? We have almost everything on board."

"Nothing, thank you, nothing," I replied.

"But surely, if you feel unwell, you won't remain on deck through the night? The nights, though pleasant, are sometimes chilly. You will catch your death of cold. I am sorry. If I had known in time, I would have secured you a state-room. But the cabin berths are really very nice and airy. Let me find one for you now,"

"Thank you," I replied; "but I prefer to remain on deck. I could not bear the close confinement of the cabin. I shall do very well with my cloak thrown over me."

The captain, however, insisted upon having a mattress brought upon deck, and was about to summon one of the waiters, and bid him fetch one; but I knew that if I took the matter, he would expect a gratuity, even if I were not expected to pay the price of a berth for the use of a mattress, as would most probably be the case. I therefore objected so strongly, protesting that I would not lie down to sleep, that the captain at length ceased to press the mattress upon me. And after trying in vain to induce me to drink a glass of wine, or a little warm spirits and water, he left me to myself, telling me to be sure and ring a bell, which he pointed out, in case I should need anything during the night; and expressing an earnest hope that I would be quite recovered from my indisposition in the morning.

I really passed the night very comfortably upon deck, sleeping as soundly as if I had been in a berth below or in a bed on shore. But when morning came, I had consumed my little store of biscuits, and smoked out my cigar; and I felt stiff, chill, and hungry.

The captain came himself to invite me down to breakfast; but I still pleaded ill health; and though I was not really ill, I dare say I appeared to be so, after sleeping all night in the open air.

"I don't suppose there is a doctor within miles, nor, indeed, are we one on board, or I would ask you to see him," said the captain, with real anxiety; "but you *must* take something. Let me send you up a cup of tea or coffee, and a roll or some toast. You will starve to death going on this way."

I thought myself that that was very probable if we did not soon run into Picton. I, however, refused the captain's kind offer. However, I had still a quarter of a dollar left out of my sixty-three cents. The good feeding going on, and the well-satisfied looks of my fellow-passengers, made me feel more hungry than I should otherwise have felt. A glass of ale and a couple of biscuits, I thought, would not cost more than ten or twelve cents at the utmost; and I said that I thought I could perhaps drink a glass of ale and eat a biscuit.

"Ah, do try," said the captain. "Perhaps, when you have taken something, you will soon feel right again, and we shall have you at the table with us at dinner-time."

He went away to give the order to a waiter. The passengers had gone down to breakfast, to the sound of the irrepressible gong, and in a few minutes a negro boy came down with a tray, upon which was a glass of ale and a plate of biscuits of different sorts. I drank the ale with an avidity that I could scarcely conceal, and, taking two of the biscuits, asked what I had to pay.

The darky grinned. "I don't know, sar. S'pose, sar, what you please give, I tank you," he replied.

I handed him my last quarter-dollar, and told him to pay the steward out of that. He grinned again and disappeared; but he failed to return with the change, with which I had purposed to pay for another glass of ale in the course of the day.

After breakfast steam was got up. The boat was cast loose from the wharf, and was soon proceeding on her way, not down the lake, however, as I expected, but close along the north shore; and, to my great disappointment and vexation, I soon learnt, from the conversation of the passengers, that the engineers had been unable to complete their work at the little landing-place, in consequence of their inability to procure some indispensable material, and that we were going into Toronto to complete the job.

The passengers, however, appeared to take it very easily. Several among them even expressed their satisfaction at the prospect of paying a visit to Toronto.

My vexation, however, was so great that I could scarcely reply with civility to those persons who, having heard of my supposed indisposition, came to condole with me. It increased my annoyance to see them so well pleased, so content and so happy.

"I am truly sorry. You would have enjoyed the trip so much; and Captain Baldwin is such a charming man—he takes so *much* pains to make us comfortable," said one lady.

"I should have enjoyed the trip much more if the boat had landed me at Picton yesterday evening, as she might have done," I replied; and the lady and her friend, who no doubt, set me down as a sulky, disagreeable fellow.

"A regular spoil-fun, sitting there so glum and sulky," I heard one young lady say to a young gentleman who was extremely attentive to her. "He ought'n't to have been permitted to come on such a trip as this. Thank Heaven, he does intend to leave us at Picton—the sooner the better."

"The sooner the better for me, too," I thought to myself, "though I fear I shall be too late to meet my friends."

The passengers soon began to hold themselves aloof from me, and to leave me to my solitude. But the captain continued to sympathize with me, and frequently seated himself by my side and endeavored to cheer me.

"When do you think we shall reach Picton, captain?" I inquired, as the boat was putting into Toronto, about noon. "I don't doubt that I shall feel better when I get ashore."

"Well, for your sake, my dear sir," he replied, "I hope to reach Picton before midnight; though, if you had been well, I should have liked you to have gone the entire trip to Montreal with us. We shall not remain long in Toronto. It is merely some oil for greasing the machinery that is wanted. Unfortunately, it was forgotten in the confusion of starting, and we could get none at the place where we lay last night."

I spoke of the disappointment that I found the detention would cause me.

"But surely, my dear sir," replied the captain, "you were informed that this was a trial trip; and I must say I think it was foolish of you to run the risk of such disappointment. You must be aware that delays frequently occur during such trips. New machinery will often work stiffly, as has been the case with ours; and if you required to be at Picton at a stated time, you might have traveled by rail."

I could not reply to this, for I had heard at the hotel that this was the trial trip of the General Cass. The captain, however, was so kind and considerate, that I sincerely regretted that I had not told him how I was situated when I first came on board. I was perfectly confident that he would have accepted my explanations, and would gladly have provided me with anything I required, on my promising to repay him on my return to Montreal.

It was, however, too late to think of this now. The passengers, when they saw me eating heartily at the table, after professing to be so unwell, would be sure to suspect the truth, and I should be the laughing-stock of all on board. So I determined to adhere to my original statement, and stated that I should land at Picton.

The boat, however, was detained at Toronto two or three hours longer than the captain had anticipated. Something else was discovered to be the matter with the machinery, and it was two o'clock when at length we steamed out of the harbor, and shaped our course down the lake.

Dinner had been postponed until we should leave the harbor; but we had not been ten minutes under weigh before the gong once more sent forth its discordant sound throughout the boat, and the hungry passengers descended to the cabin to enjoy the meal.

The pleasant savor of the various viands came wafted by the breeze to the deck, where I still kept my seat. I heard the rattle of the knives and forks, and the frequent calls of the hungry passengers, who were enjoying themselves below. I saw the waiters passing to and fro, with dainty dishes, and sweetmeats, and confectionery, and fruits of every description, while I sat starving; and the sight and sounds, and the appetizing fumes, made my craving for food more fierce. I felt as savage as a hungry wolf, and could have snatched the dishes from the waiters, had I dared.

Then came the clinking of glasses; and a loud shout, accompanied by a clapping of hands, was followed by a murmur of words, and I knew that the captain's health and success to the General Cass had been proposed and drunk with full honors; and that the captain had returned his thanks for the honor done him; and *I* was compelled to listen, in spite of myself, yet was unable to take my share of the enjoyment that was going on below!

I cursed the negro waiter in my heart, for keeping the change out of the poor quarter-dollar I had given him, and thus preventing me from appeasing my increasing hunger, even with another glass of ale and a biscuit.

At length the passengers came pouring up upon deck; and into the saloon; many of the gentlemen flushed with wine, and even the eyes of some among the ladies sparkling with unusual brightness. Nor did the revel now end. It was the first trip of a new boat, owned by a new company; and the captain was willing to set aside, for once in a way, the usual strict regulations.

The waiters were ordered to bring wine and spirits, and dishes of cakes and fruits, into the saloon; and throughout the afternoon the merriment was continued. There was a piano-forte in the saloon, and several of the ladies played and sang, and some of the gentlemen joined in, with more or less harmonious voices, and some with voices that were far from being harmonious. Still, every endeavor to amuse and to promote friendly and kindly feeling was accepted in the spirit in which it was proffered, and everybody seemed pleased and satisfied.

The captain did not neglect me, even now. He came to me, as I sat alone on the deck, and asked me to join the party. I declined. Would I not at least go inside? He did not like to see me sitting out on deck alone. Well, yes. I could scarcely refuse a request so kindly urged. I entered the saloon, and sat apart, and listened, but declined to partake of anything that was pressed upon me; and I fear that I rather diminished than increased the enjoyment of the company by my sullen presence.

At length some of the ladies suggested dancing on the deck, and the suggestion was immediately carried into effect. The pianoforte was removed to the door of the saloon. Ladies and gentlemen formed themselves into parties. Two or three ladies offered to take turns at the piano; and waltzes, and polkas, and quadrilles, and country dances were kept up with spirit until long after darkness had set in.

Even the sharp yet solemn-visaged, ungainly, long-limbed Western farmer, whom I had just questioned relative to the detention of the steamboat at the wharf, was at length induced to join the dance. He had his wife on board with him, it appeared—a buxom dame, as fond of fun as the youngest maiden in the boat. But her husband was serious. Dancing, he declared, was folly, not proper for "hooman critturs" to indulge in.

Some apt allusions, however, to Joel's terpsichorean achievements in the days of his youth, overcame the farmer's reluctance; and first cutting himself a huge plug of tobacco, and carefully fixing it in his cheeks, he stood up in a quadrille.

This capped the climax of the afternoon's enjoyment. To watch the way in which the old farmer flung about his long, lean legs, and twisted his lanky body, and contorted his visage—striking attitudes with a most solemn expression of countenance, and never once relaxing into a smile, evidently fancying that he was exhibiting in his own person the perfection of manly grace—was sufficiently ludicrous to have brought a smile to the lips of an anchorite. Roars of laughter greeted his performance; and as he evidently regarded the laughter as a tribute to his admiration, it urged him to renewed exertions, while his features still retained their solemn, saturnine expression. Despite my hunger and weariness, I laughed as heartily as any of the other lookers-on. At length the old man gave in, through very fatigue; and as darkness had long since set in, the improvised ball came to an end.

Soon afterwards the gong sounded for supper, and once more the decks and saloon were deserted for the lower cabin, and I was left alone. I suppose the captain had grown weary of pressing me to join my fellow-passengers by this time. At all events, he did not ask me; and I sat watching the progress of the boat as she glided swiftly over the lake. There were still hopes of reaching Picton before midnight, for the wind was in favor of the steamer, and she had made rapid progress since she had quitted Toronto.

The evening was passed as before by the passengers, though most of the gentlemen and many of the ladies fell asleep soon after supper, on the sofas or in the chairs in the saloon.

At ten o'clock, as on the previous evening, the bell rang to call upon such passengers as thought proper to drink a glass of wine or grog, by way of nightcap, before they retired to their berths or state-rooms; and, as on the previous occasion, the major portion availed themselves of the invitation. The lights were put out in the saloon, and except for the lantern at her main-gaff end, and the light in the binnacle, the boat was left in darkness.

It was again a fine, clear, starlit night; but very few passengers came on deck again, after going below, to finish off the day with a cigar, and the few who did soon retired. They felt the effects of the afternoon carousal, and were all overpowered with sleep.

The last man had retired when the captain came on deck, shortly before twelve o'clock.

"Still keeping watch alone, sir?" he said, cheerfully, when he saw me. "Well, I won't press you to go to your berth to-night, for you will soon reach your destination. We shall not get in by midnight, as I hoped, though. It's near midnight now. But I will promise to set you on shore before two o'clock. It's rather an awkward time to disembark; but you'll find the hotel open."

"Do I land alone at Picton?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," replied the captain. "I have three other gentlemen bound to Picton, or rather to Prince Edward—for they don't live in the town. If I had no passengers for Picton, I should not stop at the port, for that bit of a breakwater with the new machinery has detained me behind me by nine hours, though, of course, I did not expect to keep time this first trip. New machinery always works stiffly at first. There, sir, you see that bluff cape, away off the boat's bow, to port? That's the peninsula of Prince Edward. Picton is at the other end of the peninsula. Port your helm! Port, my lad, port!" he called out to the helmsman, and then he left me and mounted to the bridge.

About a quarter to two o'clock A. M., the steamer rounded the southeastern end of the peninsula, and soon after ran up the narrow creek to the wharf at Picton. The three passengers who were to land with me had been roused from their berths, and their luggage had been got out of the store-room in readiness for them.

Just before the boat reached the wharf, they made their appearance on the lower deck, still half asleep, yawning, and rubbing their eyes, and grumbling sorely at having arrived at such a time of night.

As the boat was only to stop while we landed from her, she was not moored to the wharf by a single rope thrown round a post, one of the crew keeping the end of the rope in his hand, ready to cast off in a moment.

Captain Baldwin came to the gangway as I was about to step on shore:

"I'm afraid you've had little enjoyment of your voyage, sir," he said, as he shook hands with me. "It is a pity, too, on such an occasion as this. And if you miss meeting your friends through the delay, it will be worse still. I hope, however, that such will not be the case; and also that you and I will, some time or other, be shipmates again, when you will be in a better state of health; so that you will be enabled to see how we endeavor to make our passengers comfortable on board the General Cass."

"I hope so, captain," said I, for the captain had been so very kind and attentive, and had appeared so much grieved at my supposed illness, that I really felt grateful to him. "Good-bye, captain," I added.

"Good-bye, sir, good-bye, and better luck next time. Good-bye, gentlemen all."

We stepped on shore.

"In with the line, lads," shouted the captain. "So-o-o—that'll do. Jump aboard now. Back astern, there!"

As this last order was given, the action of the paddles was reversed, and the steamer was backing out of the harbor before we had taken half a dozen steps on the wharf. A man from the hotel was in waiting on shore. He now came towards us.

"You'll want beds, gentlemen?" said he.

We answered in the affirmative; and, relieving us of a portion of our luggage, he led the way to the hotel—before a quarter of a mile had been gone, to our surprise and disappointment, however, though the hotel was open, neither landlord nor landlady made an appearance. The bar was closed; and, with the exception of the dimly lighted coffee-room, the house was in darkness. The porter, who had left us alone for a couple of minutes, reappeared.

"If you'll sit down in the coffee-room, gentlemen," said he, "your bed-rooms will be ready in five minutes. I've called the chambermaid."

"Can I have supper?" I inquired, looking round at the tables, none of which had a table-cloth spread. "Bread and cheese, and a glass of beer—anything will do."

"Master and missus is abed, sir, and everything's locked up. I reckon you won't git no supper at this hour o' mornin', nohow," answered the porter. "Gentlemen as lands arter ten o'clock mostly has had supper aboard the boat. We never thinks o' purwidin' for 'em."

"You've soon found your appetite, sir, on getting on shore," said one of my late fellow-passengers—all of whom were residents of the neighborhood. "But I'm afraid the porter speaks the truth," he added. "Neither Daley nor his wife" (the landlord and landlady) "would stay up after midnight, nor turn out of bed to provide supper for the Governor-general himself."

"It was a pity you were so unwell on board the boat, sir," said another of the party. "You'd have enjoyed yourself had it been otherwise with you. The company have behaved most liberally. They deserve to meet with success; and they couldn't have found a better captain than Captain Baldwin."

"The wine bill alone will foot up to something considerable by the time the boat gets to Montreal," said the third. "I only regret that business prevented me from going the whole trip. I should have enjoyed it amazingly."

For the first time, the thought struck me that I had possibly been too self-denying.

"Do I understand you aright," said I, "that the company to whom the boat belongs have supplied wine, free of cost, to the passengers, during this first trip?"

"Wine!" exclaimed the gentleman who had first addressed me. "Not only wine, but everything else. We were invited guests. Surely, sir, you must have been aware of that?"

"You paid your fare for the passage, at least?" said I.

"Not at all. Nobody paid a cent. Or, at least, if you paid, some fellow must have swindled you out of the passage money!"

I replied that I had paid four dollars for my passage to Picton.

"Then you were cheated by somebody," replied the gentleman. "Still, I don't understand how you got on board without having received an invitation."

"I got on board as I would have gone on board any other boat," said I. "I was stopping at the Jefferson Hotel, and ——"

"Ah! That explains it," interrupted the gentleman. "But surely the landlord of the Jefferson gave you his card?"

"He did, and here it is. I put it in my pocket, and have never thought of it since."

I handed the card to the gentleman, who turned it over, and, glancing at the reverse side, handed it back to me, saying, with a smile:

"Just read that, sir."

I looked at the back of the card and read:

"Admit Mr. M—— as passenger to Picton, Prince Edward. Signed, J. D." (The landlord's initials.)

"I never thought of showing the card," said I. "I supposed it to have been presented to me merely as a reminder, in case I should visit Lewiston again."

"You lost four dollars through not showing it," the gentleman replied, "though the fellow who took your money had no right to admit you on board without seeing your card. But you really missed a treat through your illness. I never fared so well, either on board a steamboat or at a hotel, when I've had to pay for my meals; and as to the wine, there was no stint—champagne, claret, port, sherry! whatever a passenger chose to call for, was *ad libitum*, and of the best."

I did not think proper to enlighten my companions as to the reason of my self-denial on board the steamer. It was sufficient to have suffered through ignorance and bashfulness, without being laughed at into the bargain by those who had been reveling in abundance and luxury while I starved; and, when the chambermaid came to announce that the beds were ready, I left my late fellow-passengers under the impression that the motion of the steamboat had made me ill, and that I had quickly recovered on stepping on shore.

I went to bed, hungry and supperless; though at the breakfast-table in the morning I made amends for my long fast, somewhat to the amusement of my late fellow-passengers, who laughed to see the numerous viands which make their appearance on a Canadian breakfast-table disappear down my throat so rapidly, and jestingly told the landlord—who looked on in amazement—that it would tend decidedly to his advantage to provide supper in future for gentlemen who landed from the boats at midnight, after having suffered from sea-sickness on board.

During the meal, I learnt, from the conversation that passed, that there had for a long time past been heart-burnings and jealousies and other extortions of the steamboat company who had, for years, enjoyed a monopoly of the traffic on Lake Ontario, both in regard to goods and passengers; and that a new company had lately been formed, who had built the General Cass, and two other boats on the stocks, nearly completed.

This company, who were wealthy, had resolved to make a free trip of the first trial trip of the new boat, from Lewiston to Montreal; but, in order to prevent the crowd that otherwise would have taken passage in the boat, they had issued a certain limited number of invitation cards, which they had sent to their friends, and had also permitted the landlord of the Jefferson Hotel (which hotel was the property of the company) to pass such guests as happened to be stopping at the hotel when the boat started, by means of his own cards—a line to that effect, signed with his initials, having been written on the backs of these cards.

None save those who held one or other of these cards were to be admitted on board the boat on the occasion of its first trip; and I had got on board without showing my card only through the absurd fancy that had taken possession of me, that everybody suspected my impecuniosity, which had induced me indignantly to throw down my money and walk away.

To be sure, the clerk ought to have returned the money to me, and either have made me show my card or have forbidden me to go on board. But I suppose he thought one passenger more or less would make little difference; and that since he had the chance of putting four dollars into his own pocket, he might as well take advantage of it.

I might have exposed the cheat had I chosen to take the trouble; but as *I* had offered the temptation, and, moreover, could not have exposed the fraud without making public my own folly, I never troubled myself about the matter.

After breakfasting at the hotel, I went to the residence of the friend whom I had come to visit, and found, on my arrival, that the young married couple, whom I feared had already set out for New York, intended to remain at Picton another week; so that my detention on board the steamboat—except for the inconvenience and annoyance it caused me—was of no great consequence after all; though my friends, to whom I related my misadventure, were much amused at the *mauvaise honte* which had induced me to half starve myself to no purpose.

THE OLD FORTY-NINER.

"Another pioneer is gone,"
The San Francisco paper says;
And still I'm living on, and wags on,
As first it did in other days.

But I recall his wondrous store
Of tales assigned to early years;
Surprising as magician's lore,
And long as his believers' ears.

At night he'd sit beside the stove
And puff a strong and steady blast,
The while each yarn his mem'ry wove
Was still more foggy than the last.

And we would gather round to hear
The old man tell of by-gone time,
Of miner's camp and rugged cheer,
And early comer's jokes and crimes.

Immense was he in argument—
Of logic naught he understood,
But facts were his, and he could vent
And pour them in an endless flood.

He argued with untiring zest,
Defying all to put him out;
And talked, upon the whole, the best
Of what he knew the least about.

When one a stubborn truth would bring,
He'd meet it with: "Young man of mine,
You cannot teach me anything,
For I've been here since Forty-nine."

His choicest tale was of a ride,
When red men rocked him through the grass;
And how, when all seemed safe, there died,
By random shot, his Indian lass.

"I raised her up, but she was dead!
My own dear wife! accursed the fates!"
We sobbed with him until he said:
"My other wife was in the States."

—*Virginia* (Nev.) *Enterprise.*

SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

No. 11.—Spring and Langan's Championship Battles.

Few gladiatorial combats which took place when the English prize-ring was patronized by the nobility and gentry excited more widespread interest than the two meetings between those famous old warriors Tom Spring and Jack Langan—representing respectively England and Ireland—which took place fifty years ago. They constituted a sort of companion pictures to the memorable battles in which Jem Belcher contended with Hall, Cooper and Oliver for the honor of the "ould dart," and the fact that the sympathies of the natives of the ever-antagonistic isles mentioned were warmly enlisted in behalf of their representatives, tended to intensify an interest which the celebrity of the principals alone would have rendered far greater than usual. These were the first contests, too, in which, subsequent to the battles between Cribb and Molineux, the championship of England was dependent on the issue, added to which enviable honor were stakes of almost unprecedented value. It is our purpose to herewith present a brief running account of these never-to-be-forgotten events of ye olden time.

Tom Spring was born Feb. 22, 1795, at Fownhope, Herefordshire, Eng. In early life he followed the occupation of a butcher, and in twelve battles only once suffered defeat, which he retrieved before he had previously defeated Aug. 7, 1818. He assumed the title of champion of England on the retirement of Tom Cribb in 1820. John Langan was born at Clondalton, in Kildare, Ireland, and, according to his biographer, "had scarcely become one of his father's flock a few minutes before his ears were saluted by a tremendous fire of musketry from a party of United men attempting to get possession of a powder mill within 50 yards of his birthplace." He was apprenticed to the sea, but one voyage sufficed, his occupation being that of a sawyer. After numerous contests, in which he proved his capabilities as a boxer, he was matched with the big Owen McGowran, whom he defeated May 29, 1819, for 200 guineas, and became champion of Ireland. Shortly afterwards he enlisted in a regiment raised by Col. Mead to join the Independents in South America, and was promoted to the rank of quarter-master-sergeant. He retired from the service, however, at St. Marquerite, and found employment for some time in a coaster at Trinidad, from which port he afterwards left for York, and we next hear of him in the "magic circle" with one Wheeping, of Manchester, April 30, 1823, who declined fighting after the eighth round, though a much bigger man. Seeing Tom Spring's name on a placard as "champion of England," he then resolved to challenge his right to the title, with the result given below. The event, the termination of which was to decide to whom the enviable distinction of champion of England and of Ireland was to belong, took place on Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1824, on Worcester, Eng., Racecourse, opposite the grand stand, which is within less than half a mile of the city. The money (£300 a side) was made good at Cribb's on New-Year's Day, and betting at the sporting-houses became very brisk in Liverpool and Manchester, as well as in the metropolis. The Worcestershire justices assembled to discuss the propriety of allowing the fight to take place," and owing to *one* gentleman in the commission opposing the "brutal exhibition," the following hand-bill was issued and circulated throughout the county:

"Carrow-hill being reported that a pitched battle is about to take place on Wednesday, the 7th inst., between Spring and Langan, within the city of Worcester, the magistrates are determined strictly to enforce the laws in force against all persons concerned therein; and special constables will be appointed for that purpose.—*Worcester*, Jan. 3, 1824.

This commencement threw a gloom on the pleasures which had been anticipated, and a sporting nobleman was urged to use his influence with the beaks to persuade them from interfering to prevent the battle. Another meeting of the justices was held, and the result was that "no interference would take place." The consequence was that the race-course was instantly fitted up (as is usual on such occasions), by placing wagons and carts round an immense ring; and bills were issued "that places were to be let to see the fight, at 5s, 7s, and 10s a ticket." The clerk of the course, Mr. Share, issued tickets for the grand stand; and the following bill was circulated at all the booksellers', libraries, and chief shops in the city:

Tickets of admission to Worcester grand stand, to see the English and Irish champions fight, on the 7th of January, 1824, may be had of Mr. Share, Worcester.

On Tuesday morning, and during the whole of the day till a late hour at night, the city of Worcester filled with astonishing rapidity. Chaises, coaches, gigs, barouches, carts, and vehicles of every description entered in succession, heavily loaded, from every part of the country fifty and one hundred miles round. From Liverpool and London hundreds of persons went to see the fight, and not a few from Ireland. Beds at some of the principal inns were commonly charged one guinea and a half, and a guinea at inferior places. During the whole of Monday and Tuesday carpenters were employed in erecting temporary hustings, and an outer ring of 100 yards in diameter was formed. Under the direction of Mr. Share, the clerk of the course, an inner ring of 24ft. square was raised, about two feet from the level. It was found necessary to elevate the inner ring in consequence of the flow of water over the grass. It was raised upon posts covered with planks, and the planks were afterwards covered with turf six inches in thickness, upon which sawdust was laid. The grand-stand and the hustings adjoining were crowded to excess at half-a-guinea a head, and the numbers who paid were computed at not less than five thousand. The chief aristocracy of Worcestershire and the adjoining counties were on the ground, and many noblemen and gentlemen from distant parts of the kingdom came to view the trial of strength and science, among them Lord Deerhurst, Lord Anson, Hon. T. Coventry, Sir James Musgrave, Colonel Berkeley, Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bar.; Sir G. Webster, Lord Molyneaux, G. Osbaldeston, E. Peel, John Mills, Mr. Crompton, James Smith Barry, etc. It was remarked that at the races not one-third of the present assemblage, in point of numbers and rank, ever honored the course with their presence. Indeed, on no former occasion, not excepting the memorable fight between John Gully and Bob Gregson in Sir J. Sebright's park, at Market street, were so many first-rate sporting characters assembled; the "Nobs," who had experienced very considerable disgust at previous "crosses," gave their countenance to this manly contest; and the exhibition surpassed all others in the history of pugilistic sports. Two hours before the fight commenced almost every seat was occupied, and the craft upon the river Severn, which meanders by the side of the racecourse, were filled with spectators, even to the top of the sails and rigging; and the appearance altogether was remarkably effective and imposing, it being considerably heightened by the masts of the vessels being hung with flags, and the sails adorned with ribbons.

At ten minutes before one o'clock Ned Painter arrived, attired in his flannel jacket, with a fogle round each knee, denoting his character as second. He and Cribb had engaged to pick up Tom Spring. Five minutes later Spring arrived at the ring in a carriage and pair, belonging to and attended by Captain Barrett, his chief backer, accompanied by Cribb and several sporting characters. Spring was attired in a blue dress-coat, over which he wore a brown upper tog, with brown kerseymere small-clothes, and jockey boots. There was nothing professional about his cut, except a blue bird's-eye

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

COMPILED AND WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SHAVING INGOMAR.

In the Winter of '58, and a cold one it was, a company opened at Janesville, Wis. John Templeton, now playing with James Herne, was the stage-manager. For the first two nights business was excellent, but on the third it fell off, and a furious snowstorm swept down upon the village, completely blockading the roads, and making it almost impossible for trains to leave with passengers. Here was a fine prospect, truly—no business and high expenses. At this juncture an "angel" appeared in the form of a lawyer, who made application to the manager for permission to play "Ingomar." This party was nearly as tall as the late Abraham Lincoln, and much thinner, wearing a long red beard, which he prized most highly, and in the possession of which he considered himself capable of performing the character, and "looking it." Here was an attraction unexpected by the managers, and they were not slow to seize an opportunity which bade fair to reimburse them for their trouble. The new applicant was told to "work up" a good house, which he most certainly did; for on the night of his debut the house was packed, and the audience in a high state of excitement to see their model lawyer assume the role of Ingomar.

The first act passed off very well; the lawyer, of course, being "guyed," and the audience enjoying it in good humor. Toward the close, between the acts, Templeton entered the dressing-room of the star, accompanied by the barber of the town.

"Here is the barber, Mr. ——. Hurry up and get shaved, for the curtain must go up on time."

"Shave!" snapped the lawyer. "What for?"

"What for?" repeated the manager. "You don't suppose I'm going to risk the reputation of my company, do you? And I hardly think you will sacrifice the reputation you have already made this night by appearing before the audience in this act with that beard. It must come off."

"No, no," exclaimed the astonished lawyer; "I can't shave my beard. Why, sir, I have been fifteen years raising it. Surely we can go on just as well."

"No," retorted the manager. "You don't seem to comprehend that Ingomar did not wear his beard in this act. All great actors have shaved for this act alone, to save their reputation. If you appear again in this character with that beard, you will be hissed. Come, off with it! and let them see that you know the character by heart, and that you are an actor."

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I want to act it up right, you know. Come, barber, off with it! They can't say I didn't know Ingomar."

In a few minutes the long red beard fell beneath the razor's edge, and the actor was complimented by all the company on his excellent appearance. And on the stage he went to complete the finale. He had no sooner shown his face than a roar of laughter rose up from the entire audience, and the poor man mumbled through his part as best he could, and then suddenly left the theatre.

To use Templeton's own words: "He was the funniest-looking man, with beard off, I ever saw; and about the worst actor. The audience enjoyed that performance hugely. It was a big card for us. We did a fine business for a week following. The lawyer left the town that night by some means, and, strange to say, I met him two years afterwards, playing second in Davies' Western theatre, and was told that he was good in that line."

"LED ASTRAY."

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Only a woman, once as fair
As lilies by the stream;
Only a trace of beauty rare
That faded like a dream.
Her wayward feet have wandered long
From Purity's bright way;
Not altogether hers the wrong,
For she was led astray.
Chorus.—Only a woman, once as fair, etc.

Only a-drifting down the stream,
To wreck upon the shore;
Only in memory a gleam
Of happy days before.
Methinks, perhaps, outside the gates,
Among the bright array,
Some guardian angel ever waits
To welcome Led Astray.
Chorus.—Only a woman, once as fair, etc.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF "HAMLET."

At the Winter Garden, New York, during an engagement of Edwin Booth, "Hamlet" was acted for one hundred nights. Through the kindness of Owen Fawcett, we are enabled to present a copy of the bill of the last performance. Of those in the cast, J. G. Hanley died in Williamsburg, L. I., Aug. 9, 1869; George H. Andrews died in this city April 7, 1866; J. W. Burgess is dead, but we have no record of where or when he died; and Thomas S. Cline died at New Orleans, La., Nov. 26, 1870; Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Chester are at present acting at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.; Charles Kemble Mason last acted in the Spring of 1869, in Philadelphia; Charles Walcott was for some years a popular leading man at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and is fulfilling star engagements this season; Owen S. Fawcett is a member of Booth's Fifth Avenue company; W. F. Burroughs is at the Providence, R. I., Opera-house; Nelson Decker is at Booth's Theatre, New York; E. A. Eberle is acting in Philadelphia; Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., has retired from the stage; and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau is now one of our most popular and attractive stars. Robert Stoepel is leading the orchestra at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng.; and Charles Barron, who was underlined for the following night, is the leading man at the Boston Mass.) Museum.

WINTER GARDEN
Manager, Mr. W. Stuart.

Doors open at ½ to 7; performance will commence at 7½.
BENEFIT OF MR. EDWIN BOOTH
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1865.
ONE HUNDREDTH AND LAST NIGHT OF
BOOTH'S HAMLET!

The piece has been placed upon the stage under the immediate direction of Mr. Booth, by Mr. J. G. Hanley, Stage-manager.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Hamlet	Mr. Edwin Booth
Claudius, King of Denmark	Mr. S. K. Chester
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Mr. Charles Kemble Mason
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain	Mr. G. H. Andrews
Laertes, son to Polonius	Mr. J. Hanley
Horatio, friend to Hamlet	Mr. C. Walcott, Jr
Osric, a Courtier	Mr. O. S. Fawcett
Rosencrantz	Mr. J. Duff
Guildenstern	Courtiers. Mr. W. F. Burroughs
Marcellus	Officers. Mr. J. W. Burgess
Bernardo	Mr. Dillon
Francisco, a soldier	Mr. N. Decker
First Actor	Mr. T. S. Cline
Second Actor	Mr. Evans
First Gravedigger	Mr. E. A. Eberle
Second Gravedigger	Mr. Fitzgerald
Priest	Mr. Everdell
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark and mother of Hamlet	Mrs J. W. Wallack, Jr
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius	Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau
Actress	Mrs. S. K. Chester

Lords, Ladies, Pages, Officers, Guards.

The music, which has been expressly composed for the occasion by Mr. Robert Stoepel, embraces:

Overture, "Hamlet"..... Robert Stoepel
Introducing the National Danish hymn, and expressly composed for this occasion.
Introduction and Pavonaise, written for the Danish play of "Struensee"..... Meyerbeer
Danish Hussar's Gallop..... National
Grand March from "Lohengrin"..... Richard Wagner
Fantasie (on Ophelia's songs and other tunes of Shakespeare's time)..... Robert Stoepel
Thursday, Shakespeare's play of
OTHELLO!
Iago..... Edwin Booth
Othello (his first appearance this season)..... Mr. Charles Barron

HAMLET.

This play is founded on the story of Amleth, in the Danish history of Saxo-Germanicus. It is to be found in Mrs. Lenox's Shakespeare. The story has a very romantic air, abounds with improbabilities, and altogether is such as would scarcely have struck any imagination but Shakespeare's. Amleth, we are told, put on the guise of folly, rolled on the ground, covered his face with filth, raked the embers with his hands, etc. The ghost is entirely the invention of the bard. In the original story the catastrophe is full of terrors: Amleth, having made the nobility drunk, sets fire to the palace, and during the confusion goes to the usurper's apartment and tells him that he has come to avenge his father's death; upon which the king, jumping out of bed, is instantly put to death, and Amleth proclaimed king.

LULA.

BY EDWARD MCMAHON.

Lula is sleeping, the bright stars are peeping,
The angels are watching above
To guard o'er their treasure; while, beaming with pleasure,
Her heart is aglow in its love.
She smiles while she slumbers in beautiful numbers,
Her heart is so happy and light;
The angels are near her to guard and to cheer her—
Her dreams are merry and bright.
Chorus.—Lula is sleeping, the bright stars, etc.

Lula is sleeping, the bright stars are peeping,
The flowers have sunk to their rest;
The twilight is closing, all nature reposing—
The birds are asleep in their nest.
She murmurs, while dreaming, in accents endearing,
"I love thee, I love only thee!"
Her bright cheeks are glowing, her fair hair is flowing—
I know she is dreaming of me.
Chorus.—Lula is sleeping, the bright stars, etc.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

While our "late unpleasantness" was going on, the soldiers on both sides of the contending forces managed to get up some varied entertainments to relieve the monotony of camp life. Most frequently these recreations took the form of dramatic and musical entertainments, which seemed to give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number. The bill appended is a list of a Christmas performance given by Col. (afterwards Governor) John W. Geary's 28th Reg. Pennsylvania Volunteers, in 1861. It will be seen that the programme included a little of all sorts, so that every taste must have been gratified. An intermission of one hour between the afternoon and evening performances gave the boys an opportunity to enjoy their Christmas-cheer, which loving hands at home had kindly provided for them. Mr. B. Frank Cromis of Pottsville, Pa., places us under obligations for the contribution, which will, no doubt, be perused with interest by thousands of our readers. How many of those who took part in that holiday entertainment are now living, we are unable to tell; but the ravages of war and disease have not left many. Gov. Geary is among the dead.

"ONE FOR ALL—ALL FOR ONE."
CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT OF THE 28TH REGIMENT, PENNA. VOLS. (COL. JOHN W. GEARY), AT CAMP GOODMAN, POINT OF ROCKS, MD.

Stage-manager	Lieut. Thos. H. Elliott
Acting Manager	Lieut. Gilbert L. Parker
Leader of Orchestra	Lieut. J. G. Warwick
Ethiopian Director	Corp. Wm. Roberts, Jr.

PROGRAMME—AFTERNOON AT THREE O'CLOCK.

Grand March of the 28th Regiment	Orchestra
Comic Song	Corp. J. W. Anthony (I)
Speech of Cassius against Cæsar	Lieut. W. J. Mackey (P)
Irish Jig	Terence Fagan (I)
Opera, Mary Blane	Orchestra
Song of Champagne Charley	By the Members

THE GEARY GLEE CLUB.—PART I.

"Oft in the Stilly Night"	By the Club
"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"	Corp. Stanley (M) and Chorus
"Seeing Nelly Home"	Geo. P. Henry and Chorus
Ballad	Corp. W. Roberts, Jr. (D)

PART II.

"The Tyrolese"	Crawford (P) and Chorus
"Dismal Swamp"	Corp. Stanley (M) and Chorus
"Marching Round Reading"	Volk and Chorus
Concluding with "Villikins and his Dinah"	Corp. Hiles (D) and Chorus
Recitation, "Casabianca"	William M. Clark (P)
"Bridal of the Barons" from Traviata	Orchestra
Duetto Concerto, "Make me no gaudy chaplet"	Messrs. Warwick and Beck
"The Sportsman"	Hays, Connely and Martin (K)
Heenan and Sayers' Fight	Arritt, Bates and Connely (K)

The drama of
THE OLD GUARD

Henry Lefebre	Capt. Hammar (D)
Havresack, the old guard	Lieut. Elliott (H)
Lord Beauville	Lieut. Mackey (D)
Raveau	Corp. George T. Barnes (D)
Lady Beauville	Corp Hiles (D)
Melanie	Louis C. Bitting (D)

GRENADIER DRILL:

Gen. Johnston, F.F.V	John Hays (K)
Echo Gallop	Orchestra

Intermission of one hour.
EVENING PROGRAMME.

Andante with Polonaise	Orchestra
Drinking Scene from Lucrezia Borgia: Captains Hammar and Woodward, Lieuts. Parker, Elliott and Mackey, and Corps. Roberts, Hiles and Barnes.	
Burlesque drama, entitled METAMORA, OR THE LAST OF THE POLLYWOGS. ANGLO-SAXONS.	
Pappy Vaughan (an influential early settler, early settled)	Sergt. Black (M)
Lord Fitz-Faddle (a highly-to-be-envied individual, who has the honor to die by Metamora's knife)	Samuel Steck (B)
Master Walter (not the Hunchback, but ever head and ears in love)	P. F. Worsley (D)
Badenough (a most unpleasant individual)	Cravens
Worser (much the same, only more so)	E. H. Coggins (P)
Oceana (old Vaughan's daughter, a chip of the old block)	Corp. Roberts (D)

POLLYWOGS.

Metamora (the ultimate Pollywog, an aboriginal hero, and a favorite child of the Forrest)	Capt. W. H. Woodward (K)
Kanzhine	Sergt. Armer (B)
Old Grizzle (an Indian interpreter from the old Jubilee, half savage, half sailor)	Capt. G. D. Hammar (D)
Whisketoddi (skilled in talk, so we are informed)	Corp. Hiles (D)
Anaconda (a recreant red man, rather serpentine)	Cravens (B)
Tapiokee (La Belle sauvage, the squalling squaw of Metamora, killed with kindness)	D. King (B)
Pappoose (the last of the last of the Pollywogs)	Willie L. Geary

During the play an original Indian War Dance will be introduced by Lieut. Robertson and Members of Co. B.

Comic Song	J. W. Anthony
Cornet Solo, in E flat, with variations	J. H. Seely
Serpentete—De Meyer Waltz. Members of Regimental Band	
Violin Solo—Medley	S. A. Murray

The farce of
THE VIRGINIAN OUTWITTED.

Hiram Dodge	Abram Spicer (P)
Fuller	P. F. Worsley (D)
Charles Harris	Edward H. Cogdon (P)
Slingsby	Chas. C. Aiken (D)
Jennings	T. J. Neill (I)
Pompey	J. W. Anthony (D)
Cowpens	Corp. Hayward (D)
Maria Fuller	Corp. Hughes (M)
Jerusha	Wm. Copeland (M)
Dinah	Corp. Hiles (D)
Plantation Negroes, etc.	
Waltz	Orchestra
Alto Solo—"Kathleen Mavourneen"	Anthony Beck

ETHIOPIAN MELANGE—PART I.

Overture	Band.
Opening Chorus	Company
"My Little Valley Home"	Corp. Hiles (D)
"Hazel Dell"	Corp. Roberts (D)
"Louisiana Lowlands"	John Lewis (Battery)
"Who's Dat Nigger Dar A-peepin?"	George P. Henry (D)
"Carrie Lee"	Fred. Volk (Battery)
"Old Bob Ridley"	Murray and Henry.
"Any Oder Man," A Serio-comic Speech on the Crisis	Corporal Lippincott (B)
Jig	Corp. Hiles (D)

PART II.

Pompey's First Lesson	Henry and Anthony
Violin Duet	Jacob Kettering (B) and P. W. Ash (A)

THE DENTIST.

Dr. Pullemout	Corp. Witham (I)
Friend Toothache	Geo. P. Henry (P)
Snowball	Corp. Roberts (D)
Irish Song, "Teddy O'Rourke"	Wm. Copeland (M)
Holiday Song of the 28th	Company.
The Apparition, an awful Catastrophe	Henry Shaw and Volk.
Bone Solo	A. S. Adee (Battery)
Visit to the 28th	J. W. Ash (A)

THE ACROBATIC BROTHERS,
with feats of ground and lofty tumbling, right rope a la Blondin, the great Antipodean feat, and the muscle generally, by the musclemen of the Company, Henry, Adler, Aiken, Hiles, Haverstock and Master Geary. Concluding with
A NIGHT IN DIXIE..... BY THE COMPANY
Grand National Tableaux Vivant, introducing "The Star-Spangled Banner," by the Company Officers.

"DEAD BROKE."

TO "A. E. VOOS," BY JOE E. GULICK.

What a great thing is money! Oh, had I a dollar,
How light would my heart beat beneath these poor rags;
But I don't own a farthing; I'm hungry and starving,
And weary to me is the day as it drags;
I've no place to sleep, for a meal I am seeking,
My shirts are all gone and my clothes are "in soak;"
And everyone kicks me and sneers as I pass him,
And calls me a loafer, because I'm "dead broke."

But once I had money, and friends gathered round me,
In bright, smiling faces, to greet me each day;
But I played the wrong card, and the deal was a bad one,
And soon all my money and friends passed away.
I laid down my stack, and I laughed as I did it—
I "coppered the queen" and tried luck to provoke,
But she won, and my pile all went to the rack, sir—
I very foolishly played myself for "dead broke."

Don't push me aside, though I'm ragged and needy;
Don't kick me and curse me, but pity my state;
For who knows what fortune may bring you to-morrow?
Who knows but perhaps you can share in the same fate?
Perchance you, like me, for a drink may be craving—
To the barkeeper, there, for a "ball" I just spoke;
But he called me a vagrant, a snooze, and a loafer,
And then kicked me out, just because I was "broke."

And new I've no money, no home, I'm an outcast—
I'm heartsick and feeble, and what can I do?
Too sick to do work, if I had it to do, sirs,
I feel that my trouble will quickly be through.
But Death will be welcome whenever he calls me,
Though cold be his touch and so gloomy his cloak;
And the bright gates of heaven will welcome a pauper—
They won't bar me out there, although I'm dead broke.
Little Rock, Ark.

A CORRECTOR (?) CORRECTED.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 11, 1874.

FRIEND QUEEN.—Looking over THE CLIPPER VARIETIES on Tuesday evening, my attention was drawn to an article headed "Concerning the Late R. Scott," which, on reading, I found to be from Mr. Samuel S. Sanford, who says: "As you desire to rectify *mistakes*," etc. Now, friend CLIPPER, in the first place Mr. S. S. Sanford should be sure he knows what he is writing about. In this case he does not. He says: "Your informant labors under a *mistake* when he says that the last appearance of Mr. Scott was on the 23d of January, 1856," which I did *not* say. In looking over the CLIPPER of the 27th of December you will see that I said: "Mr. Scott commenced this engagement on Monday evening, January 21, 1856, and he made his last appearance on Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, and the bills were posted for Wednesday, January 23, announcing Mr. Scott for Luke Fielding in 'The Willow Copse,' and this was the last bill Mr. Scott's name ever appeared on." This shows Mr. Sanford's head was not *level* on this point. Again he says: "And according to your informant's date he died *four* days after." Now, friend Queen, I did not say this in the bill I sent you. You will find I said: "Mr. Scott died on the 2*d of March*, 1856." I think this would make four of the longest days on record, according to Mr. Sanford's counting. I still say that Mr. Scott made his last appearance on any stage at the City Museum, in this city, on Tuesday evening, January 22, 1856, as Rob Roy, notwithstanding Mr. Sanford's a bill that can be seen at Frank Brower's (I have not had time to visit Mr. Brower's, but intend to do so this week). This bill may contain Mr. Scott's name, but how many names are put on bills when the parties named have no intention of performing. The idea of Mr. Scott appearing in Shakespeare's "Othello" in a minstrel hall, supported by a company of minstrels, is ridiculous. In looking over my scrap-book, I find sketches of Mr. Scott from his birth till his death, clipped from various papers published in Philadelphia—also one from your own paper—all of which say as I say, that Mr. Scott made his last appearance as above—Rob Roy, Jan. 22, 1856.

Yours truly, C. P. L.

A HEN REVENGED.—A man killed a hen that belonged to a neighbor, because it flew into his yard. The neighbor made no demonstration. But he went round among the juveniles and told them that the one among them who could say "Shoes and socks shock Susan" four times running, without mistake, would receive two dollars from the hen-killer. So they went up to his house, in the guilelessness of childhood, and filled the hall and the stoop, and crowded the yard, and made up their minds they would earn that two dollars or die. And they sailed in, and the man tried to drive them off, but couldn't, and then he went upstairs, but they followed him. The air resounded with "Shuwack, snoozen, socker," with hideous variations in the shrillest of voices keyed to the highest of pitches. In vain the victim appealed for mercy with ink bottles, and hot water, and mustard boxes. His arguments were unheeded, and his cries were unheard, and he finally sea ed a fence and fled, pursued by what he was firmly convinced were a score of demons. The hen was avenged.

TRAINED FLYERS.—A new thing in pigeons is being exhibited on the Paris streets. A Frenchman trundles about a pigeon-house on wheels. The flock—ten or twelve in number—are at full liberty to remain in or out. The locomotive dove-cot is planted on a corner. The Frenchman blows a trumpet, and off fly the whole flock a quarter of a mile or so, settling eventually on house-tops and window sills. Another peculiar blast, and back they come. As they approach, the Frenchman holds up a small red flag. That red flag is for one particular bird, which knows his color, and settles upon the staff as the showman holds it horizontally. In like manner are blue, white and particolored flags held up, each one of which seems the exclusive property or signal of a particular bird, and on which that especial bird, which meantime has been waiting on some window-ledge or house-top, settles.

MONOPOETS.—*The Boston Transcript* coins the above word to designate that numerous class of writers who have given utterance to but one memorable poem, and it enumerates the following: "One Henry Carey is supposed to be the author of 'God Save the King,' but who remembers the name of the young Lieutenant to whom is attributed the 'Marseillaise,' or how much that of Rouget de Lisle inspired private soldier who conceived the 'Wacht am Rhein?' Is it on record that Hopkinson and Key ever made any other verses than 'Hail Columbia' and the 'Star-spangled Banner' respectively? John Howard Payne did compose some unsuccessful and now forgotten dramatic pieces, but, so far as we know, 'Sweet Home'—thrown off hurriedly to fit some music—was his only poetic effort. Edgar A. Poe was almost a monopoet, but the 'Bells' and 'Annabel Lee' will be remembered nearly as long as the 'Raven.' David Everett's 'You'd scarce expect one of my age,' Edward Everett's 'Alaric,' Charles Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' Joseph Rodman Drake's 'When freedom from her azure heights,' and Albert G. Greene's 'Old Grimes,' are monopoems; so are Charles Kingsley's 'Three Fishers,' and those wonderful lines of Charles Dickens on England's 'Rare old plant'—so replete with tender and genuine sentiment, and so free from the morbid fancies and distorted outlines which mar the prose works—at least the later ones—of this brilliant author. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's 'Battle-hymn of the Republic,' that soul-stirring strain, is the only one of her poems which even now can be called to mind."

NEW PLAYS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"JEAN DE THOMMERAY,"

a new five-act comedy—the joint production of Jules Sandeau and Emile Augier—was recently produced at the Theatre Francais, Paris, France. In *The London* (Eng.) *Era* we find the appended notice: "Even persons most partial to those great masters of dramatic composition were forced into the unpleasant conviction that their favorites had in the present case fallen into the unpardonable error of catering to that morbid taste for indelicacy which is at the moment the prevalent characteristic of a Parisian audience. That the character of the hero of the new play was better fitted to be developed by the pen of M. Sandeau in his novel than on the boards of a Theatre, in five rapidly flitting acts, no one can deny; and the first depreciatory conclusion to be arrived at in connection with the new piece is that its authors have shown singular want of judgment in the selection of their subject. Such a story cannot be unraveled in the space allotted to the comedy without offending the good sense and intelligence of the spectators, and, besides, there are situations we can read of without experiencing any sense of impropriety, that nevertheless shock us when enacted upon the stage. The plot of "Jean de Thommeray" belongs to this category. When first we make acquaintance with Emile he gives us to understand that his family, imbued with noble principles by the teachings of a devout mother and of a father whose leading star is a deep sentiment of duty. He is affianced to a pure-minded girl, and lives a happy and honored existence in the midst of the calm surroundings of his Breton home. Suddenly a dazzling neighbor, the Baroness de Montiouis, appears upon the horizon of his tranquil but monotonous life. This Parisian coquette has been obliged to spend a few weeks in the country in order to arrange some pressing matters of business, and her meeting with Jean affords her so great a relief from the *ennui* that oppresses her at such a distance from the capital that she makes the most of the opportunity. The result is that her conquest of Jean is so complete that he becomes the victim of a passionate attachment, and consequently, when the Baroness leaves Bretagne, he follows her to Paris, where he finds himself in the second act as lonely among its brilliant *salons* as his mistress had been at her picturesque demesne in Finisterre. He regrets that he should have stepped into a new world where everything bespeaks at the same time enormous wealth and hidden misery; he is disgusted at the lust for gold, and oppressed by the license of manners that seems to characterize all the people with whom he comes in contact. Needless to say that, like so many before him, Jean de Thommeray soon finds his wife, is compelled to account for every moment of his time on the previous day, and to explain how every penny of twenty-five shillings he had in his purse when he left home was spent. The situation now becomes truly comic, for Horace vainly strives to remember what he has done with a portion of the money; and the more he forgets, the more Lydia scolds and the audience laugh. When the young wife, rising to a high pitch of pretended passion, threatens to poison herself, the young husband is fairly conquered, and with tears in his eyes wishes himself once more "in clover" with the wife of his bosom in her earlier and far more agreeable mood. Seeing her victory, Lydia relents, and is again the tender, doating wife, who is only too glad to devote her whole heart to the man of her choice.

"BORGNE,"

Lorjau de Larcy's new piece, was first acted at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, during the holidays. The scene of the new drama can boast at least of variety, as the action takes place in Ireland, a country wherein French playwrights seldom condescend to lay their plot. M. de Larcy transports his audience to an Ireland of crime, as they are to suppose it existed immediately after the Battle of the Boyne; and if our author's picture of society be correct, a very undesirable place of residence the "first flower of the earth" must then have been. The play takes its name from a one-eyed gentleman, the title of which suggests the idea that M. de Larcy's notions of the geography of the British Isles are somewhat hazy. But this is perhaps to be too hypercritical with a French author, who should not fairly be expected to know anything of mountains at the other side of the Channel. However, this Lord Athol, whose blindness is only assumed, has made himself the tool of King William's Viceroy, in order to obtain the arrest and punishment of the Jacobite Lord O'Neill, whom he believes to have been the cause of the massacre of his wife and son. But matters are explained in a way to show that he (O'Neill) and Red Hand was far from being so culpable as Athol had imagined. On the contrary, he had assuaged as much as he could the "salutary rigor" of the execution with which he had been charged, and, besides, it turns out that no death has taken place at all. So the amiable Athol is at once transformed into the friend of O'Neill, whose life devotes himself into the vice-regal residence, which, by-the-bye, seems so lamentably deficient in sentries and attendants that the Irish Civil List must in those times have been a mere feather-weight, and there, pistol in hand, forces the Englishman to sign O'Neill's full pardon. This crowning act of devotedness makes the bandages drop from the eyes of all those prejudiced persons whose opinion of Athol had not hitherto been of the best, and at the same time plucks from the right eye of the latter the patch that had so long disfigured him.

"A HUSBAND IN CLOVER"

is the title of a comedietta, adopted from "Un Mari dans du Coton," and produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng., Dec. 26. Horace, the husband of a fascinating young wife, is perfectly discontented because his life is too uniformly pleasant. The course of true love runs too smooth, in fact. Everything he needs is at his fingers' ends. There is no buttons lacking on his shirt. The cooking is perfection. He is a Government clerk with very light duties, and his bride adores him. Yet, somehow, he craves more variety, more excitement, and, in looking over a journal he has kept since his bachelor days, he recalls the splendid women he has known, and wonders if he made the best possible choice. Rather incautiously he makes some notes in this journal, which his quick-witted young wife discovers. To her horror she reads there Horace's opinion of herself. Amongst other remarks by no means complimentary, he complains of her want of animation, and compares her "to a stuffed woman," owing to her uniformly even temper and placid manners. Piqued at this, but without losing an atom of her old affection, Lydia determines to teach her lord a lesson. Assuming in turns the characters of the young ladies described in the journal, she utterly bewilders poor Horace. At one moment she is the fast young wife, who addresses her husband in fashionable slang of the most sporting character. Then she becomes the fainting, weeping, languishing spouse, changing to the strong-minded woman of the world who will not permit her husband to have a will of his own. This masquerading ends in an assumption of jealousy, and poor Horace, wondering at the "tantrums" in which he finds his wife, is compelled to account for every moment of his time on the previous day, and to explain how every penny of twenty-five shillings he had in his purse when he left home was spent. The situation now becomes truly comic, for Horace vainly strives to remember what he has done with a portion of the money; and the more he forgets, the more Lydia scolds and the audience laugh. When the young wife, rising to a high pitch of pretended passion, threatens to poison herself, the young husband is fairly conquered, and with tears in his eyes wishes himself once more "in clover" with the wife of his bosom in her earlier and far more agreeable mood. Seeing her victory, Lydia relents, and is again the tender, doating wife, who is only too glad to devote her whole heart to the man of her choice.

BASEBALL.

THE CLIPPER RULES FOR 1874.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

The art of running the bases is perhaps as important a feature of baseball as any other department of the game. In fact, each season's experience is showing it to be more and more the most difficult department to excel in. It is not confined to the mere physical attribute of swift running, but requires remarkable promptness of judgment, and quick perception, and more of that coolness in action generally known as presence of mind, than any other feature of the game. In reporting the games last season, as heretofore, we took notes of such amendments as the special working of each rule seemed to point out as necessary; and among these were several in connection with the rule governing the running of bases. In answering the multitude of questions sent in about the game during each year, too, we more fully ascertain how the rules are misinterpreted from lack of definite wording, than could be ascertained in any other way; and this has, of course, suggested several amendments.

In reading over the amended sections of Rule Sixth —formerly Rule Fourth—it will be seen that the order has been materially changed. We have also grouped together in one section all the methods of putting out a base-runner. First comes the order of "running the bases," and this, of course, is the same as in taking position at the bat, after which the order is from first to second, third, and home bases. Next, reference is made to vacating bases, no player being obliged to vacate a base except by the action of the batsman in hitting a fair ball; and the moment the latter is put out, that moment the base-runner ceases to be forced off a base. It is next shown how base-runners are put out when forced off, viz., the same as when running to first base, which is by the ball being held at first base before the runner reaches it. In regard to overrunning first base, it will be seen that the rule has been made more definite. This rule simply gives the base-runner the privilege of exemption from being put out after overrunning the base, provided he does not attempt to reach second base. Should he, however, in overrunning first, see an opportunity to make his second successfully, he can, of course, do so without returning to touch first base; but in so doing he forfeits the exemption from being put out while off the first base in overrunning it. He is also required to return and to touch the base after overrunning it, after which he can be put out when off the base, as at any other base. Every base must be touched in regular order, and retouched in reverse order when obliged to return; and in the latter case the player can be put out by the ball simply being held on the base before the runner can return to it. The rule referring to running out of the line of the bases has been reworded so as to make the penalty applicable in all cases where the base-runner does so to avoid being touched by the ball. If he runs beyond the line under any other circumstances, he is not to be given out. Owing to the number of disputes occasioned by the rule applicable to scoring runs when two bases are out, we have deemed it advisable to so change the wording of the section as to clearly apply only in cases where the home-base is not touched before the third hand is out. We do not see the justice of preventing a base-runner from scoring a run, perhaps earned by good batting, because of the bad batting of the players who follow him. So long as he can score a run before the third hand is out, he should have the right to do so; but afterwards it is, of course, out of the question. The sections which apply to taking bases on "balks," "wides" and "called" balls have also been reworded to suit the altered rules. Players taking bases on "balks," "wide" or "called" balls are privileged to run to other bases on the wide or called ball after taking the base they are entitled to, but only at the risk of being put out. It has been supposed that a player given a base on called balls could not at the same time make an additional run on a passed ball. The is not so—he can, as the rules now plainly show. By Section 10 it is provided that a base-runner shall hold the right to a base until forced to vacate it under the rules, or until he has legally occupied the next base in order. The section applicable to running bases on fly balls has been reworded so as to clearly define a catch, which now consists in the ball being "momentarily held."

A new feature is introduced in Section 12, and that is in allowing base-runners to run a base on a foul fly, as in the case of a fair-fly. This is not only an advantage given to the "in" side to offset the tenth man, but it is also something that common justice has called for for some time. A strong objection against the foul-ball feature of baseball has been that, while it prevents the batsman from scoring either a base or a run for his side, it gives his adversaries a chance to put him out. Now, by allowing the base-runner the same privilege of running a base after a foul-fly catch as after a fair-fly catch, a part of this objection is removed, and a new and good point of play is introduced. Under the new rule the ball will be in play quicker than before, and some lively work will follow a foul-fly catch by the more frequent throwing to the infield positions it will lead to.

A needed amendment has been introduced in regard to the position of substitutes running for batsmen. Hitherto, singularly enough, no position has been given them by the rules. We now stand them so that in running to first base they must cross the batsman's position, and in *front* of the home-base. Last season saw several substitutes make false starts so as to cross the line of the ball back of the home-base, with a view, evidently, to bother the catcher and thereby induce a passed ball. The new section puts a stop to this.

Section 16, it will be seen, shows how base-runners can be put out. In this the wording has been changed in regard to putting players out at first base, so as to insure the ball being held there *before* the player reaches it; if held at the same time, he is not out. We have also introduced in this section a prohibition in reference to a player touching the ball. If, while it is in play, he either kicks or handles it, except by a really accidental action, he is to be given out. This is the cricket rule, and it is a good one. With this preface we submit for general discussion

RULE SIXTH.

RUNNING THE BASES—ORDER OF RUNNING BASES.

Section 1. The order of players running the bases shall be the same as that observed in going to the bat, from home to first, second and third bases, to the home base again; and no player running the bases shall be forced to vacate the base he occupies, unless by the act of the batsman in striking a fair ball.

VACATING BASES.

2. Should the first base be occupied by a base-runner when a ball is struck, the moment such ball is struck the base-runner shall cease to be entitled to hold said base until the player running to first base shall be put out. The same rule shall also apply in the case of the occupancy of the other bases under similar circumstances. But no base-runner shall be forced to vacate the base he occupies, if the base-runner preceding him is not thus obliged to vacate his base.

PUT OUT WHEN FORCED OFF.

3. Players forced to vacate their bases may be put out by a fielder on either base in the same manner as when running to first base. But the moment the player running to first base is put out, that moment the base-runner shall cease to be forced to vacate a base.

OVERRUNNING FIRST BASE.

4. The player running to first base shall be privileged to overrun said base without his being put out for being off the base after first touching it, provided that in so overrunning said base he make no attempt to run to second base; but if, in so overrunning first base, he also attempts to run to second base, he shall forfeit such exemption from being put out. After overrunning first base, the base-runner must return and retouch said base at once; and after retouching he can be put out as at any other base.

5. Players running bases must touch each base in regular order, viz., first, second, third and home base; and when obliged to return to bases they have occupied, they must retouch them in the reverse order. No base shall be considered as having been occupied or held until it has been touched.

RUNNING OUT OF THE LINE OF BASES.

6. Any player running a base, who shall run beyond three feet from the line from base to base in order to avoid being touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder, shall be declared out by the umpire, with or without appeal; but unless he so run to avoid the ball, he shall not be decided out.

WHEN A RUN IS SCORED.

7. One run shall be scored every time a base-runner, after having regularly touched all the bases, shall touch the home-base. But no such run shall be scored unless the home base be touched before three players have put out. If at the same time the third player is put out, the run shall not be scored.

TAKING BASES ON BALKS

8. When a "balk" is called by the umpire, every player running the bases shall take one base without being put out.

TAKING BASES ON WIDE AND CALLED BALLS.

9. When three "wide" or "called" balls have been called by the umpire, the batsman shall take one base without being put out; and should any base-runner thereby be forced to vacate his base, he also shall take one base; and each base-runner thus given a base shall be at liberty to run to other bases besides the base given, but only at the risk of being put out in so running.

HOLDING A BASE.

10. A player running the bases shall be considered as holding a base—viz., entitled to occupy it—until he shall have regularly touched the next base in order.

RUNNING BASES ON FAIR FLY-BALLS.

11. No base shall be run or run scored when a fair ball has been caught, or momentarily held before touching the ground, unless the base held when the ball was hit is retouched by the base-runner after the ball has been so caught or held by the fielder. But after it has been so caught or held, the base-runner shall be privileged to attempt to make a base or score a run. He shall not, however, be previously entitled to any base touched after the ball has been hit and before the catch is made.

RUNNING ON FOUL BALLS.

12. No base shall be run or base made on a foul ball unless the ball shall have been settled in the hands of the pitcher in any part of the field he may happen to be, except in the case of a foul ball caught before touching the ground, in which case the base-runner shall be privileged to make a base or score a run, as in the case of a fair ball similarly caught.

PUT OUT IN RETURNING TO BASES.

13. Any player running bases on foul balls, or on fair balls caught before touching the ground, shall be obliged to return to the base he occupied when the ball was struck, and retouch such base before attempting to make another base or score a run; and said player shall be liable to be put out in so returning, as in the case of running to first base when a fair ball is hit and not caught flying. In the case of a foul ball—not caught before touching the ground—the base-runner, in returning to touch the base, must remain on it until the ball is held by the pitcher.

OBSTRUCTING BASE-RUNNERS.

14. If the player running the bases is prevented from making a base by the obstruction of an adversary, he shall be entitled to that base, and shall not be put out. Any obstruction that could readily be avoided shall be considered as intentional.

SUBSTITUTES IN RUNNING BASES.

15. No player shall be allowed a substitute in running the bases, except for illness or injury, unless by special consent of the captain of the opposing nine; and in such case the latter shall have the right to change his order. The substitute in question shall take his position so as to cross the batsman's position, and in

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed for the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Nellie
Aimee, Mlle. 10c.
Berry, Miss E.
Baker, Clara
Berry, Celia
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Bonton, Tillie
Broadley, Miss W. F.
Briggs, Ada
Coleman, Alice A.
Cushman, Charlotte 3c.
Clark, Mrs. Adie
Coventry, Julia S. (3) 6c.
Crosbie, Miss T. (vocalist)
Coriell, Octavia
Chaffee, Jennie (2)
Clarke, Adelle
Cornforth, Mrs. Henry
Cooke, Ellen (2)
Carreno, Teresa
Cooke, Mr. or Mrs. Woods (3)
Chapman, Ella
Durgin, Belle
Devere, Emma
Dark, Lizzie 6c.
De Tong, Minna
Davies, Eva
Dresser, Mrs. Laura B.
Erina, Alice D'
Forrester, Mrs. N.
Flora, La Belle 6c.
Faller, Blanche
Fontainbleau, Mlle (2)
Gray, Ada
Howard, Jessie 6c.
Hussey, Mrs. Frank
Hubbard, Mrs. Addie
Howard, Maud A.
King, Clara
Leonetta, Flora
Lyon, Annie
"Little Nell" (2)6c.
"Little Chub"
Lillian Sisters
La Rue, Ella
Morton, Jennie
May, Georgie
Mason, Sallie (vocalist)
Morrell, Mrs. 3c.
Marsh, Emma
Neville, Emma J.
Newton, Eliza
O'Neil, Hattie
Pauline, La Belle
Parker, Jennie
Praeger, Adelheid
Phillips, Isabella
Pierson, Fannie
Ratelle, Annie
Richards, Pauline
Riddell, Lizie
Reynolds, Mrs. Lizzie
Rogers, Hattie
Richings, Caroline
Richmond, Lulu
Sheldon, Lizzie 3c.
Stanley, Blanche
Siddons, Mrs. Scott
Nelson, Blanche
Tyson, Annie
Turnour, Mrs. Hepsey (2)
Thompson, Lydia
Valade, Fannie (2)
Vestvali, Marie
Williams, May
Williams, Belle
Woodfield, Mrs. W. H.
Whiffin, Mrs.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Johnny
Adams, H. G. (with Rouse)
Abbott, Jno. W.
Allen, Jno. (song-and-dance)
Airey, Edward (2)
Antonio, Maj.
Abeco, Sig. R.
Armstrong, Chas. F.
Austin, Charlie (with Leavitt)
Austin, Mike
Ayres, Wm. F.
Adams, Edwin
Austin, Chas. (song-and-dance)
Allen, Joe
Burk, Jno. M.
Buckley, Geo. (trainer)
Bowen, Ben F.
Bailey, Harry
Boyd, Billy
Burke, W. E. (clown)
Buckley, Jno. (trainer of Ecuipse)
Bailey (The Educated Pigeonner)
Burgess, Neil
Barclay, Fred
Barnum, P. T.
Bassett, Chas. (vocalist)
Byrnn, O. Doud (2)
Bartine, Charles
Barry, Flatte with the Tycoons)
Byrne, Fred
Budd, Jake
Booth, Alfred
Bangs, F.
Bruno, Sig.
Bell, Geo.
Barnaby, Jno.
Barnum, Henry (2) 10c.
Blasdell, A. F.
Barney, Hindman
Bowditch, Galen M
Barker, E.
Backus & Co., Chas. (2)
Buckley & Sharpley's Agent
Blaich, Chas. F.
Barcus, J. C. (manager)
Brustner, or Brustner, Harry
Breen, C. J.
Budworth, Jas. H.
Blitz, Francois R.
Brittingham, Sam
Clarke, H. G.
Carr, Frank H.
Carson, Kit
Cody, W. F. ("Buffalo Bill")
Colley, Jno. (2)
Cavert, C. Harry
Colby, Geo. W.
Cope, Prof. J. W.
Columbus, Sig. 6c.
Cohan, Jerry
Chesley & Sherman
Cayle, M. (of Stone & Murray Cir.)
Church, J. H.
Courtright, Billy
Cannon, Pete
Connors & Lonn
Carroll, W. E. B.
Cash, Chas.
Crawcill, J. S.
Cameron, J. T.
Clement, F. S.
Campbell, Fred G.
Carpenter, D. H.
Caser, O. H.
Croal, Jas. J.
Colville, Sam
Carr, Louis B.
Church, F. B.
Clarke, W. Campbell, Joe H.
Castle, Chas.
Camp, Mr. & Mrs.
Crew, Gilbert
Cushing, Prof. G. L.
Conley, Frank
Cotton, Jr., Ben
Chrissie, Ed.
Darion, Robert
Diamond, Daniel
Dupree & Benedict
Dickenson, Chas.
Derby
Dermyre, Billy
Day, Chas. H.
Dixon, T. S.
Dow, Thos.
Davy, Thos. and Brother
Delehanty & Hengler (3)
Doris, Jno. K.
Davis, Homer
De Haven, Claude
Bunting
Everett, Harry
Edwards, Geo. H.
Ecker, Prof. Jno. (2)
Ehrick, Robt.
Ehrick, T. (with Newsboys)
Emmet, Jos. K.
Francisco, Francois
Foster, J. W.
Freeman, Geo. (agent)
Freeman, J. N.
Frankum, Geo.
Fleury, Fernando
Forepaugh, Adam (2)
Forker, Geo. (2)
Franklin, Harry R. (2)
French, Arthur W.
Fraye, Bobt.
Forbes, Chas. (3)
French, Harry (2)
Flanklin, Jas. 10c.
Fortescue, Geo. K. (2)
Frost, Frank (showbiz.)
Foley, Thos. (2)
Florence, Geo. W.
Fay, Prof. W. M.
Fulton & Miller
Freeman, G. E.
Foster & Dudley
Gedney, A. M.
Gaston, Albert
Gardner, Col. B. (with Washburn) (2)
Good, Jno. (musician)
Gulick, Jas. T.
Grismer, J. R.
Gibens, Frank
Gimmon, Jas.
Graves, Edwin F. (2)
Gaffney, Hughey
Godfrey, Gerald
Gorman, Eugene F.
Gorman, Thos. F.
Gannon, Pete
Gardner, Charlie
Hasselbach, Fred. (2)
Harper, Thos.
Healey, Jno.
Holbrook, Jas.
Harrison, G. W. 6c.
Hicks, C. B.
Haverley's Minstrels, J.
Haskill & White's Minstrels
Hudson, J. M.
Hanley, M. W. (2)
Hicks, Chas. H.
Harris, C. Joe
Haight & Co. Circus
Hollwood Bros.
Hughey Hagerty
Heward, Rollin
Heck, Louis
Hilmanin, Prof.
Fritz
Hindley, Prof.
Hayward, Jno.
Haywood, Tommy
Hyatt, Oscar J. (2)
Howard, Harry
Howard, Charlie (2)
Humphreys, W. S.
Hall, Franklin
Heywood, Chas. (soprano)
Irvin, William B. (agent)
Jerome, Geo. W.
Jemieson, Geo.
Jones, Arnold
Jones, Prof. Chas.
Jones, T. W.
Justice, J. T.
Keane, Jos. H.
Kelly & Leon's Minstrels
Kidder, E. E.
Klaerud, Oscar
Kroger, Col. Jaques K.
Kirwan, Edwin
Kennedy, W.
Korrister, Wm.
Keeler, Sam. C.
Lent, Jr., Louis
Leath & Leod
Levantine, Fred.
Lasky, Harris
Lowery, Charlie
Lent, L. B.
Logan, Shep. B.
Laiscelle, Lyman
Langston, F.
Ludovic, Mons. 10c (2)
Lingard, W. H.
Little, Richard Jr.
Lampman, Prof. S.
La Roux, Al
"Little Chub"
Langthorn, J. S.
Lawlor, Wm. F.
Lamont, Jas.
Lee, Jas. John (2)
L—Jas. ("2.0.9.")
Maas, Jas. (2)
Maeder, Fred
Morse, M. F.
Mack, Robt.
Morton, Johnny M.
Murphy, J. E.
Magee, Jno. (with Healy & Cohan)
Magauley, Ben (8)
Mattison, Eugene
Mattison, Frank
Morris, J. (mystic changes)
Murray, Jno. H. (4)
Melville, Charlie (2)
Montz, Julius
Mack, Prof. (leader)
Moore, Watson W.
Mountford, J. H.
Morris, D. W.
Miner, Harry (2)
Monroe, Charlie
Matthews, J. S.
Moore, Geo. F.
Martino, Prof.
Mack, Frank
McGill, Wm.
Mayo, Frank (2)
Murray, Johnny (minstrel)
Marsden, Ed. (musician)
Meredith, Harry
Moore, Geo. F.
Menter, Prof. Ed.
Mount, Frank
McCullough, Jno.
Miller, Rinaldo
Monk, Joshua
Nelson, Prof. R.
Norman, Ham
Neville, Hartley
Nelson, Frank
Noyes, C. W.
Nicolo, Sig. Logorara
Nillas, Jacobs
Noon, Jack
Norwood, Eddie
O'Neil, Barney
Operti, Sig. G.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
O'Brien, Johnceircus
Oughton, Wm. J.
Orton, Miles
O'Donohue, The
Phillips, G.
Parks, Jack
Pullman, Giles
Parsloe, Jr., Chas.
Primrose
Peasley & Hughes
Poland, Thos.
Potter, Chas. A.
Pettit & White
Pease, Harry
Pike, Geo. S.
Pensinger, Thos.
Patterson, Wm.
Rigg, J. C.
Pearson, G. W.
Prescott, D. K.
Phillip, Sebastian
Proctor, Jos.
Ryan, Sam E.
Reviol, Ed.
Ralph, Dick
Randall, Johnny (2)
Ray, Billy
Rogers, Lorain
Richardson, Jos.
Reed, Jake
Rowe, Jno. (musician)
Robert, N. D.
Richards, Prof. (man-fish)
Russell & Morris (2)
Reynolds, S. D.
Robinson, Jr., Alex.
Robinson, W. S. (adv. agent)
Robinson, Jas.
Rowe, John (musician)
Ricardo
Smith, Doc W. H.
Speaight, Jas.
Skiff & Gaylord's Minstrels
Sargent, A. J.
Simmons & Slocum
Sanford, S. (banjoist)
Springer, Andrew
Smith, Dunk H.
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Sweeney, J. F.
Snow Bros.
Shay, Charlie
Smith, Julian G. (3)
Smith, J. H.
Steele, Geo. K.
Sanford, Frank
Speck, S.
Storey, Prof. W. D.
Scott, Prof. Alex.
Strickland, W. H. (agent) (2)
Sanford & Weaver
Steere, L. M. W.
Smith, H. (with Duprez & Benedict)
Siddons, T. S.
Scott Sandford, J. (gymnast)
Sells, Lafeorme
Schultz, Prof. H. F.
Slate, Prof. Harry
Stuebgen, Frank-lin
Stuck, Ike
Shelby, Dan
Taylor, Jas. (accompanist)
Turnour, Alfred
Thornton, Chas.
Twain, Mark
Tinckham, Ed.
Toomey, W. F. 4) 12c.
Thatcher & Mack
Thallett, Billy
Turnour, Mr.
Tremaine Bros.
Ufner, Frank (2)
Victorelli, H.
Vannuchi, Sig.
Vaxdiguez
Vincent, Chas.
Vila, Sam. B.
Welch, Arthur Fayette
Worthington, Wm
Whitehead, W. H.
Witham, Fred. (agent)
Wheeler's Minstrels, Cal
West, Wm.
Washburn, Leon
Warner, J. E.
Watson, Burt
White, Archie
Ward, Prof. H.
Withers, Joe (leader) (2)
Whelling, Prof. Ed
Wildman, F. J.
Wentworth, Walter
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Waite, Harry
Weed, H. H.
Welling, Charlie
White, Nick (candy biz.)
Yates, Ben
Zwisler, Louis (2)
Ziegler, Sig. Chas.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 19, '74.

One touch of Winter makes all the world a-cold. We have just experienced that touch, after congratulating ourselves that the worst of the season had been passed, and that we were to be spared the rigors and hardships attendant on our usual Winter weather. As a precursor of the cold to come, in the form of light and fleecy flakes fell around and about and upon us the beautiful snow. Ah! There was no dispute as to the authorship of *that* beautiful snow! No, indeed: it came fresh, pure, and unadulterated from the hands of its Creator, falling in its purity alike upon the rich and the poor—

"Beautiful snow from Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as Love."

And when this pure and gentle snow had ceased to fall, then there came "an eager and a nipping air," freezing the blood, tightening the purse-strings, and filling with pain and misery the breasts of the poor and lowly. But we have but little cause to repine this Winter; for, as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," so has He given to us mild and genial weather to ease and render endurable the hard times with which the nation has been afflicted; so that all things work together for good.....And this reference to the money panic and the many ills it brought with it reminds us of the dramatic character of the so-called "workingmen's" demonstration in this city the past week. The bold and defiant front assumed by the leaders, *before* the denouement, led many to suppose that the bloody scenes enacted in our streets by opponents of the draft, during the rebellion, were to be repeated on this occasion; and that the district south of Canal street would be crimsoned with human gore! What was advertised as a "thrilling tragedy" eventuated in a "screaming farce," for the Communist leaders dissolved into thin air on the day of carnage arrived, and their weak and silly tools became painfully aware of the *real* character of those who were about to lead them on the road to ruin. The workingmen of America are competent to think and act for themselves, and will never be found in the ranks of the demagogues and exiles who are here from France and Germany to stir up sedition and discontent, and who seek to engraft upon the tree of Liberty the crimson weeds of the Commune. *A bas le Commune! Vive la Republique!*.....While amusements in the metropolis have been upon the down grade ever since the panic made its unwelcome presence, in other cities the depression has not been so great, Boston and Philadelphia coming in for a very fair share of sustenance and support, the Walnut-street Theatre, in the latter city, being especially fortunate in this regard, although we cannot say that the public are treated with that spirit of fairness which is their due. A star now performing there has been drawing most excellent business. On some occasions, applicants at the ticket-office for seats, even a couple of days in advance, were told that there were no tickets left, that all had been sold; and yet the same applicants could secure tickets, up to the very evening of performance, by going to the Continental and other hotels, and paying an advance—over the regular price—of so much on each seat. It may be said, in extenuation, that the theatre received the legitimate price for each ticket sold. Granted. But does it seem to be just that the bulk of the tickets should be sold to speculators, while the patrons of the theatre were unable to secure any at the theatre on the day of performance? To many, this would have the appearance of collusion between the theatre and the speculators; but we should be sorry to believe that any such "irregularity" existed in a well-ordered place of amusement. A theatre that commits such "indiscretion" must suffer in the end, should the public become satisfied that any collusion of the kind has been in operation. .....Frequently, our dear brethren of the Church have inveighed against the Theatre and its professors for resorting to what they call "clap trap" to assist in gathering-in the sinews by which all speculations are supported. This may do very well in the pulpit when the beloved pastor desires to create a fresh sensation; but when a certain sum of money is required to build a church, or to add to the pastor's salary grab, or to furnish a Sabbath-school with a new library, or something of that sort, then the bitter things said against the poor player are viewed in a different light—the glory of the church is tarnished, and the pastor stultifies himself when he commends the work of the devil in a *good cause*. In this connection we have a strange story from Troy, a story which goes to show that the meek and lowly are not above doing those things which they condemn in others; yea, verily, even unto the defilement of themselves by burnt cork. At a church-fair recently held in that city a colored man and woman, all tattered and torn, entered the well-filled sanctuary, and pleaded for "a little help, if you please." They plaintively alleged that they were starving, and their words of grief touched many a sad and wounded heart, and ducats poured into the wallets of the aged colored couple like codfish-chowder into the tender mouths of cheap boarders. And when these good people had performed this charitable deed their hearts were elate with joy, and they went back and took chances in a pious lottery for an organ, thinking they would gain the prize as a fitting reward for their benevolence. When the "two niggers" had profited by the liberality of the sweet sisters and dear brethren who were running this church fair in Troy, they quietly wiped the perspiration from their fevered brows, and with it they wiped away the burnt cork that had so effectually concealed their identity, and the "niggers" stood forth as *two of the holders of the church!* Tableau! Plaintive dirge, curtain.....Talking about niggers and things, calls up our minstrel friends and their dark doings. Ever since Charley White showed for a shilling, in an upstairs hall in the Bowery, more than "twenty years ago, me boys, more than twenty years ago," we have greatly admired "nigger rainstreis." When Charley was king of all he surveyed in that loft, he was LOT unmindful of *poor* boys and their wants; so he reserved a portion of his auditorium for that class of people, admission to which was only a sixpence—the States money. Now, wasn't that thoughtful in Charley? And his show was just as good as some that we have since paid a dollar to see. Many a sixpence have we invested in the White-black show, topping off with coffee and cakes in a saloon underneath, which relieved us of a balance in hand, i. e., another sixpence. And that's what we called a night of rare enjoyment. Ah, friends, the sigh *will* start, the eye *will* well up, when we cast a look behind, and think of the joys long since departed, of companions on whose remains in the churchyard the slimy worm is feasting; of the dead-and-gone friends of our youth, who with us saw the niggers dance more than twenty years ago. The other day we met an old chum who used to stake the boys when they were hard up in the long, long ago. He sold policies there, he sells 'em now—when he gets a chance. He had kept track of the boys clear up to the time whereof we speak. He was grizzled and gray, and many furrows on that once cheerful face told of the sad ravages of Time! He always called us Jeff, because we were so unlike an old pard of his named Jeff Smith—six feet six in his stockings, and pulling down the beam at two-fifty. "Hello, Jeff, old boy—how goes it?" "Oh, lively; how's times with you, George?" "Only so-so; gigs don't go as fast as they used to, and saddles don't ride as smoothly." "Seen all of the boys lately?" "Ah! there's not many of 'em left." "What's become of Ned Soda?" "What! Didn't you hear about him? He was shot by the bloody Burriel. Good boy was Ned. Pity for him, pity for *him!*" "And Sloppy—what about him?" "Dead! Passed on in one of them three years ago!" "And Butch Corjee—where's *he* now?" "I helped to plant him just a year ago to-day—ground up in a lot of boiler-bustin' stuff. Yer wouldn't a-knowed him from a grampus!" "And the Bowery-pit boy that used to hand round the peanuts? You remember? "That's him." "Played his last hand some years ago up at Albany—drowned-ed!" "Poor Jim!" "Yes, indeedy; poor Jim it is. A better friend than Jim never took his trick at a plate of pork-and-beans. Then there's Pud Malone. You remember Pud Malone, don't you? Hit me once on the nut, and then he treated coffee and cakes free for a month afterwards. Pud turned in *his* checks not long ago. What few of the old chums was left gave him a good send-off to Greenwood—rosewood coffin with six handles—outand-out hearse and four horses with feathers in their heads—the carriages all with the interior lined in red. When we planted him, and the boys heard the clods of earth going clump, clump, on to his coffin, they couldn't stand it no longer, but slunk away like they didn't want no one to see 'em drop a tear or two in memory of a tried and trusty friend. When we reached Joe Joslin's, comin' back from the burryin', 'come in, pards,' says Pete Lee; 'Pud Malone couldn't a-rest in his grave if he thought we hadn't wound up the services with a little refreshment.' And we all drunk standin', and with our nats off, to the memory of poor Pud Malone. I tell you, Jeff, we was a-sittin' into the front ranks now—when old Death comes along he will be lookin' around for us next. Nearly all the chaps is gone that used to spend their little old sixpences for a seat in Charley White's. Yer heard about Shooty Deacon, I s'pose?" "What of him?" "Went over to Europe; there dimmon' fields in Airiky—had a streak of luck, and was comin' away from the mines with his plunder, when a band of natives chopped him up, and no life insurance on to him." "Do you ever visit the minstrels, nowadays?" "Now and often—it makes me sort o' mad, because it brings back the old times and the old boys; and when I look 'round me, I don't know nobody no more. When I hear a gag, I turn to have a laugh with some of the boys; but I see nothing but strange faces, and I feel lonesome. Jeff old pard, it's tough to stand alone. Hello! there I see the seats filled up by chaps that you don't know. I often wonder if there'll be any of the old rounders left to follow a feller to the grave, and say a good word for me to the minister when he's about to do his little preach over the coffin that will hide away all that will be left of poor George Hughes." And then, in a voice suppressed with emotion, he said: "So long, Jeff," and was gone. May the clods fall lightly upon the form of George when he shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," and is taken to his last earthly tenement.....As a fitting finale to this funereal talk, we append a few rhymes on another dark subject, wherein is given an account of

THREE LIVES.

There were three Ethiopians named Smith, and Brown, and Jones,
The former played the tamborine, the latter played the bones.
Brown was the interlocutor, and 'twixt the two was
And many a long and startling word this individual jerked.
With solemn face he sat serene, and thrummed the light guitar;
And each was, in his separate sphere, a bright and shining star.
We marked the future of these youths, because we knew them well;
And it, with mournful pen, will we proceed to herein tell
Smith, as Old Time with flopping wings through years so fleetly flew,
A missionary became, and went to Timbuctoo.
One day the savages—our pet entirely of neck,
They smote him, and they roasted him, and they ate him, every speck.
And as for Brown—upon our word, we grieve to say that he,
Forsaking virtue's flowery paths, walked with bad company.
One night the wild, misguided youth, who used to talk so glib,
With others, equally as bad, one night he cracked a crib.
The coppers sprang upon them—e'e they'd time to douse their glim;
And with their dreadful locusts they proceeded to crack him.
And when upon this sinful world uprose the god of day,
Upon the station-house's floor a corpus cold he lay.
And Jones—why such a punishment on him was ever sent
We do not know—we cannot say, but we do longer ponder and as we ponder on their fates, somehow it seems to be
That Jones' melancholy one was saddest of the three.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE COLOSSEUM, Broadway, corner of Thirty-fifth street, is now open to the public, although the edifice is not, as yet, entirely completed. Many of the alcoves on the promenade floor are still vacant, but they will be speedily filled with objects of scientific interest. A jig saw, which cuts curiously formed objects from wood, and a machine for engraving on glass, are on exhibition. A good-sized, well-balanced orchestra discourses music both day and evening. Stepping into a capacious elevator, one is quickly raised to the height of some seventy feet, and walking out upon a gallery, which is supposed to be on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Eng., one is furnished with a magnificent view of that city. The illusion is perfect. On gazing down into the streets below, a feeling of dizziness comes o'er the brain, and in walking across the balcony the gait is apt to become unsteady. By the aid of a descriptive pamphlet, the location of prominent objects of interest is quickly found. Far beyond the limits of the city is seen a landscape, which appears somewhat indistinct; but upon ascending to a second balcony, reached by a short flight of steps, new beauties are unfolded, and objects undiscernible from the lower platform are plainly visible. This painting, which is on view only in the daytime, is replaced after dark by "Paris at Night." The city is seen illuminated, the boulevards, principal buildings, monuments, etc., being plainly discernible. By the light of the moon pouring down from overhead, and the twinkling stars seen in the firmament, greatly enhance the illusion. In the lectorium, a small room fitted up with a stage and drapery, Prof. William Tobin, at both the day and evening exhibitions, gives a brief scientific lecture, illustrated by numerous experiments, introducing the Dissolving Statue, the Speaking Pictures, the Spirit Flame, etc., which serve to amuse the visitors during half an hour. The price of admission has been changed to $1, children half price, which secures a view of all the entertainments without further charge.

"PADDY" ROONEY, Little Delmar, Patti Rosa and Boyd and Scott were the additions to the company at Tony Pastor's on Jan. 12, where the attendance during that week was good. "Paddy" Rooney has an excellent Irish dialect, is an agile dancer, and his songs-and-dances were meritorious, and enthusiastically received. Little Delmar, a precocious miss of tender years, evinced the possession of sterling ability in her character representations and quick changes. Patti Rosa, who has a very childish appearance, atoned for the shortcomings of her vocal efforts in serio-comic songs by a lively clog dance, and Boyd and Scott in their songs-and-dances proved to be the possessors of more than average ability. The Freeman Family, who appeared after a brief absence, performed fresh musical sketches, which afforded much pleasure to their auditors. These young ladies are quite versatile, and seemingly ambitious, and, by the neatness and correctness of their costumes, their evident efforts to please and their tasteful display of deportment, they become great favorites. Among the freshest of Tony Pastor's songs was a medley, introducing some half-a-dozen popular airs, with imitations of young men who are supposed to have sung them. Tony is a great favorite with his patrons, and ever appears the personification of good humor, which is evinced by his readiness to respond to numerous recalls. Blanche Selwyn continued her character songs and changes. Gus Williams his Dutch character songs, and the sketches of "The Bewildered Lovers" and "My Big Brother" introduced the other members of the company. Instead of a drama, which customarily closes the entertainments, a panorama of Ireland was exhibited. It is in five sections, excellently well painted, and contains correct views of many of the principal towns and places of interest in Ireland, and terminates with several allegorical pictures of the chief events in the life of St. Patrick. Between the various sections, a dramatic dialogue appropriate to the subject was spoken by various members of the company, appropriately costumed. On Tuesday evening, during the moving of the panorama, a middle-aged gentleman, who was leaning forth from the left-hand private-box, in order to get a better view of the picture, lest his balance and fell full length upon the stage, causing uproarious laughter, which broke forth at intervals for some time thereafter, as the ludicrousness of the scene recurred to the mind. It was one of the most successful first appearances upon the stage that it has been our fortune to witness.

ROLLIN HOWARD is to commence an engagement at Wood's Museum on Jan. 26, when he is to act Warwick in the burlesque of "Lurline."

MARIE ZOE, the Royal Yeddo Japanese Troupe and John Williams were the new appearances at the Theatre Comique, and Harrigan and Hart the reappearances, on Jan. 12. The Snow Brothers, with their performing dogs, were announced on that date; but a mistake had been made as to the time of the commencement of their engagement, which is to begin Jan. 19. Marie Zoe acted three characters in a compressed version of "The Wizard Skiff," danced a hornpipe, and fought a combat with a number of opponents, which elicited liberal applause. Her merits as an actress are too well known to require further comment. W. Fleming, a first appearance, gave a vigorous performance of Agnostel. The Japanese excel in feats of equilibrium. Large and unwieldy objects are poised in various positions and controlled in their motion by the feet of the performer, and it is evident that long and arduous practice is necessary to the successful accomplishment of these performances. Such exhibitions were given by a youthful member of the troupe, who skillfully manipulated an empty box some four feet long by two wide; by Statzo and son; and subsequently by Toyan Statzo, who performed wonderful feats with wooden tubs of great weight and size. Sunni Ki Chi ascended a ladder, the rungs of which were composed of sharp-edged swords, he standing on their sharpest edge. Otokson and the boy Spider afterwards performed equilibristic feats with the double ladder, and the butterfly trick was successfully done. John Williams, whose performances have been frequently reviewed, met with his accustomed success in his singing and dancing. Harrigan and Hart performed their most successful act of "The Mulligan Guards." The attendance during the week was very large. A song-and-dance and a jig by Jennie Yeamans; Highland fling by Josephine Walby; Irish songs and a dance by Kate O'Connor; banjo manipulations by Frank Converse; character dances by Kitty O'Neil; comic songs by James W. McKee; the African box-trick; and a number of tableaux referring to the history of Ireland, and called "Erin Go Brah," filled up the programme. For the present week, Miss Clara Belmont, serio-comic, and the Snow Brothers, with their performing dogs, are announced as novelties. Harrigan and Hart are to appear in a new sketch, the Shadow Pantomime is to be revived, and Zoe will perform the chief characters in "The French Spy."

THE FIRST PART at Bryant's Minstrels underwent an almost entire change the past week. A. H. Pelham effectively sang "Let All Obey." Nelse Seymour, who is seldom seen so early in the evening, was heard in the comical ditty of "Perhaps and Mistaps;" "I'm Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie," was pathetically rendered by Charles Templeton, and W. Raymond vocally described Thomas Moore's "Minstrel Boy." "The Jubilee Concert Tin-pan-o-ni-on" continues the closing feature, the songs and instrumental performances being frequently changed. In the olio, "The Ladder of Fame," performed by Bob Hart, Dan Bryant and Fred Emerson, proved thoroughly enjoyable, and elicited peals of laughter. Dave Reed gave his excellent imitations during a bone solo, and "Cinderella" filled out the programme. The present season has, thus far, been one of the most prosperous Mr. Bryant has ever had in this city. For many weeks past even standing-room could not be had by ten minutes past eight.

THE NORTHERN OF A. A. Zimmerman, the treasurer of Niblo's Garden, was amply attested by the liberal attendance on the occasion of his annual benefit on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 15. Mr. Wybert Reeve and Miss Maude Granger, the latter from the Union-square Theatre, performed in Mr. Reeve's comedietta, "I Live Over Yonder." Mr. Reeve's humorous impersonation of O'Claghan and "His Last Legs," E. D. Davies amused by his ventriloquial conversations, Jennie Hughes sang serio-comic songs, Cora Adrienne was an exponent of the poetry of motion in a graceful dance, Gus Williams performed Hans Schmitz, who stood separated after a brief absence, performed fresh musical sketches, which afforded much pleasure to their auditors. These young ladies are quite versatile, and seemingly ambitious, and, by the neatness and correctness of their costumes, their evident efforts to please and their tasteful display of deportment, they become great favorites. Among the freshest of Tony Pastor's songs was a medley, introducing some half-a-dozen popular airs, with imitations of young men who are supposed to have sung them. Tony is a great favorite with his patrons, and ever appears the personification of good humor, which is evinced by his readiness to respond to numerous recalls. Blanche Selwyn continued her character songs and changes. Gus Williams his Dutch character songs, and the sketches of "The Bewildered Lovers" and "My Big Brother" introduced the other members of the company. Instead of a drama, which customarily closes the entertainments, a panorama of Ireland was exhibited. It is in five sections, excellently well painted, and contains correct views of many of the principal towns and places of interest in Ireland, and terminates with several allegorical pictures of the chief events in the life of St. Patrick. Between the various sections, a dramatic dialogue appropriate to the subject was spoken by various members of the company, appropriately costumed. On Tuesday evening, during the moving of the panorama, a middle-aged gentleman, who was leaning forth from the left-hand private-box, in order to get a better view of the picture, lest his balance and fell full length upon the stage, causing uproarious laughter, which broke forth at intervals for some time thereafter, as the ludicrousness of the scene recurred to the mind. It was one of the most successful first appearances upon the stage that it has been our fortune to witness.

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THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE was well filled during the week just closed, "Saratoga" proving quite as attractive as when first produced. It was acted every night, save Saturday, when "Man and Wife" was revived and will be performed during the present week, save Tuesday and Thursday evenings, when "Saratoga" will be repeated. The next novelty will be a new comedy by Augustin Daly, entitled "Foline."

MISS CARRIE AUSTIN was presented at the Olympic Theatre on Wednesday evening last, by Mr. Coxit, with an elegant nickel-plated breech-loading Springfield rifle.

THE PROCEEDINGS did a fair and encouraging business at Robinson Hall the past week. Noticeable improvements were made in various portions of the programme, and it now seems that their success in the future is pretty well assured. The diminutive end-men, Lew and Joe, have become favorites, and deservedly so, as they possess much genuine talent.

MRS. J. B. BOOTH made her metropolitan debut at Booth's Theatre on Jan. 12, acting Diane Berard in an English version of Adolphe Belots' drama entitled "La Femme de Feu."

FRANK KEENS, the popular Ethiopian comedian, in consequence of continued indisposition, has been advised by his physician to pass the remainder of the present Winter in Florida. A complimentary benefit is to be given him at the Theatre Comique on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 22, when the entire company engaged at that theatre and numerous volunteers are to appear.

HENRY W. DALTON and the Misses Bruna Egerton and Louisa Henderson brought suits in the Second District Civil Court, last week, against William Mansell, the late manager of the Lyceum Theatre, for moneys alleged to be due them. Justice Field reserved his decision.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, during the week which has just expired, the attractions have consisted of a drama called "Lightning Bob," originally produced there some month. since. Marius Turck, who commenced the week as the star actor, left on Saturday. "The Robber's Wife" commenced the performances during the entire week, save at the Saturday matinee. Attendance fair. On Jan. 19, a new drama, by J. J. Wallace and Franke Frayne, entitled "The Scouts of the Sierra Navada," will be acted for the first time. Mr. Frayne and Miss Clara Butler will sustain important characters, and during the progress of the drama will respectively give exhibitions of their skill in rifle-shooting, for the excellence of which they enjoy a high reputation. Among the incidental attractions will be seen a Platte Valley mustang named Kit Carson, the trained Indian dog Fire Bug, and Little Frankie Frayne. Their engagement is limited to a single week.

THE VOKES FAMILY continued their farewell performances at Niblo's Garden to a good attendance, no change having been made from the previous week. Their performances in "The Belles of the Kitchen" and Leffingwell's comicalities in "Romeo Jaffier Jenkins" are too familiar to our readers to need further comment. The same programme will be given this week.

THE ATTENDANCE at the Union-square Theatre continues unabated, standing-room only being the rule, rather than the exception, at eight o'clock. The season thus far has been one almost unexampled in prosperity. The success attained by "The Geneva Cross" has been enhanced by the charming performances of "Led Astray." The ladies and gentlemen of the stock company, from the highest to the lowest, have labored conscientiously. Manager Palmer has the gratified wisdom in the selection of the attractions, and Proprietor Shook complacently pockets the stamps.

DO NOT FORGET that the benefit for the widow and children of the late Thaddeus W. Meighan is to take place at the Union-square Theatre, on the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 28, when Frank Fawcett Rowe, supported by prominent members of the Union-square Theatre company, will perform in "Wilkins Micawber;" F. S. Chanfrau, supported by some of the company from Booth's Theatre, will perform "The Gladiator;" and during which Mr. Chanfrau will give his excellent imitations of well-known actors; and the Vokes Family will perform their specialty of "The Belles of the Kitchen." Besides the enjoyment to be derived from such an excellent entertainment, every purchaser of a ticket will have the satisfaction of knowing that the amount of money has been bestowed upon a very worthy charity.

THE SUMMER SEASON at the Theatre Comique is to commence May 11. Artists desiring engagements can address John F. Poole, as per his card in another column.

DRAMATIC.
To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

To every authorized correspondent of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER we have issued a credential, of a size common, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the editor, and countersigned by the manager of the office and date of Sept. 1, 1873, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. No person is authorized to act as any of the above-named correspondents, and is requested not to recognize or extend favors to any person on behalf of THE CLIPPER unless he can produce a card like the above. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

CINCINNATI DRAMATICS are given by our correspondent, dating Jan. 17, as follows: "At Robinson's Opera-house John A. Stevens closed during the past week in 'Daniel Boone,' an Indian drama, full of yells and tomahawks, and about on a par with Ned Buntline's 'Scouts of the Plains.' Mr. Stevens' rendition of Daniel Boone is creditable, the part being not overwrought more than the piece requires. Edwin Sheppard figured to advantage as Fighting Joe Langston, a sort of Ralph Stackpole, and Tom Hampton was funny as Yawcup, a very impossible Dutchman. Annie Waite played Ada well; and Mrs. Berrell, Dame Boone likewise. The remainder of the characters were in the hands of Canadians, and was confined to her room for several days. Having partially recovered, she visited the house of the Reverend Mrs. Stouten Mayer, at 312 East Fourteenth street, near Second avenue, who was a friend of her family, and a Presbyterian lady to boot. While there she complained of feeling unwell, and was attended by a physician for three days. On Sunday evening, 11th, while the doctor sat talking with her, she grew suddenly sick, gradually slipped from the arm of the chair on to the floor, and died without a struggle, without saying a word, passing away as silently as if going to sleep. Her body was sent by Adams' Express on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., to Lincolnton, N. C., care of John Hope, her brother-in-law, and the residence of her mother, Mrs. Alexander was in person to him, and above the middle stature. She had an expressive countenance, and an irresistible gracefulness was conspicuous in all her actions. Her voice was clear, and she was possessed of good conversational powers. She was a ripe scholar and the master of the French language, she translated and adapted to the stage a play that has become one of the most popular of the day, and which is still constantly before the public, with the name of a celebrated author attached to it. A subscription of about $100 was raised in Wallack's Theatre to defray her funeral expenses. These facts are furnished us by Col. T. Allston Brown, who was well and personally acquainted with the lady.

THROUGH COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN'S DRAMATIC AGENCY, No. 14 West Fourth street, Laura Alberta, with her new play of "Passion," and A. S. Pennoyer, a well-known business agent, can be engaged. He also announces that his Showman's Guide will go to press Feb. 1, and be ready for delivery on the 15th. Persons wishing to advertise therein should attend to it at once. He also wants to purchase a second-hand band-wagon. Peruse his various cards.

THE NINTH WEEK OF "Humpty Dumpty Abroad" at the Grand Opera-house, Twenty-third street, commences on Jan. 19, and the attendance continues very large, save on inclement nights. Nothwithstanding the constant repetition of the performances, those of G. L. Fox and his brother C. K. seem as fresh, vivacious and mirth-inspiring as at the first representations. The graceful dancing and poses of the Rigi Sisters, the wonderful feats of equilibrium of Prof. Lind, the agile acrobatic feats of the Jackley Family,

V. HITEY HALLS.

HOOLEY, Dunstons' sole, vocalistic, character, etc., who are now performing at the Kesjona Opera-house, Lock Haven, Pa., can be engaged after Jan. 25. Address as above.

HOWARD, Jas. S., Sawdust, wants to engage for circus season. Address, Clipper office.

HUNTER, Mlle. Rosalie, Aerial Queen, is now performing at the Theatre Comique, Cincinnati, O., and can be engaged after Jan. 19. Gussie Howard goes to Cleveland, O., on the 19th to play Pat.

HUNTER BROTHERS' COMBINATION will close season at Mozart Hall, Jersey City, Jan. 31. Can be engaged after that date. Address as above

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Advertisements under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.
Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 50 cents per line.
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GERMANIA VARIETIES, ALBANY, N. Y.—M. WINK, Proprietor; J. J. RILEY, Stage-manager. Artists—male and female—with specialties, desiring two or four weeks' engagements, can address the stage-manager. Salaries low but sure. 43-1t*

THE BUSHNELL FAMILY, consisting of Prof. and Madame Bushnell and Master James, now in the West Indies, will return to America the first of April. Managers desiring to arrange with these attractive artists must communicate with CLAUDE DE HAVEN, office of THE CRITIC, 23 Ann st., N. Y. City. Business: Aerial slack wire, jugglery, plate-spinning, contortions, and their great impalement act. A good card for sideshow. 43-1t*

WANTED.—GOOD LADY SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS, to commence Monday, the 26th inst. Salary must be moderate, as the hall is small. Alhambra Music Hall, 371 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 43-1t* JOHN MYERS, Proprietor.

NEW MUSIC.—FULL SIZE, 10 CENTS PER COPY. That's the Proper Caper; The Belle of the Ball; Love, Beautiful Love; It's Funny When you Get that Way; Trust to Yourself. HARDING'S OFFICE, 58 Bowery. Send stamp for catalogue. 42-1f

TO PERFORMERS, MANAGERS, AND PROFESSIONALS IN GENERAL.—Should you ever come to Troy, you must be sure to buy a pair of stockings, or something of like value, from MOSES H. STRAUS, THE CLIPPER correspondent, or you will either be misrepresented or not noticed at all.
JACOB ACKER,
43-5t Proprietor Acker's Varieties, Troy, N. Y.

GILBERT CREW, ENGLISH COMIC VOCALIST, etc., has just concluded a most brilliant engagement with Wilson & Clarke's Co., and opens at the Opera-house, St. John, N. B., Jan. 19. For terms and dates address as above. 43-1t*

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G. BROOKS CLARK.....Director of Amusements
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Address as above. 43-1t*

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P. W. SHRADER, ADVANCE AGENT, can be engaged by a Concert Company, Lecture, or Panorama traveling South this Winter. Am strictly temperate, and thoroughly understand the business. Only reliable parties need address 328 South Cherry street, Nashville, Tenn.

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LEADING STARS AND FIRST-CLASS COMBINATIONS can arrange to occupy the above Houses consecutively. With star attraction the same company will render support in both cities.
HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, enlarged and much changed, will be finished by the first of July next, and will open early in the Summer.
A brilliant company (producing the best stock plays and supporting a limited number of stars) will occupy this House. Its capacity will be 2,000, and no theatre in America will excel it in every feature necessary to stage or auditorium, or in decorative brilliancy. Stars and combinations will be treated with on liberal terms.
Applications will be received at once, for positions in the two first-class companies to be engaged for the season of 1874-5. Address without stamps,
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JNO. T. FORD, Proprietor.
Baltimore and Washington, Jan. 1, 1874.
NOTE.—Some few weeks during the latter part of this season are yet open to engagements for Stars or Combinations. In Washington, Congress will likely remain in session until June 1. 40-4t

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This new and elegant house is ready for occupation by first-class leading combinations, and will be rented by such companies. It is built with all the modern improvements, and is well lighted and ventilated; has four proscenium boxes, parquet, dress circle and balcony, seating 1,100. Stage, 50x60t., with three cents, 4 star and vampire traps, a working bridge 28ft. long, in 3 sections, working 8½t. high, on a level or on an incline. Twelve sets of scenery, a sufficient supply of set stuff and borders; flats, 18x24t.; full border, foot and ground lights. Piqua contains a population of from 9,000 to 10,000, and is located in the midst of a highly improved and populous country. This hall is the only properly equipped one between Dayton and Toledo, or between Columbus and Indianapolis, and is situated at the first railroad centre north of Dayton, and on the east and west through line from Columbus to Indianapolis and Chicago. Address A. C. CONOVER. 36-11t*

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Managers who would like their services for the season of 1874, WITH HORSES FOR ALL HIS ACTS,
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FOUR-HORSE ACT,
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TWO-HORSE ACT,
BAREBACK,
carrying his little boy, also two-pony act by his little boy; principal act, pad, by MISS MINNIE.
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A CARD TO THE PUBLIC FROM LITTLE NELL, THE CALIFORNIA DIAMOND.

Having noticed the unjust report published in last week's CLIPPER by the New Orleans correspondent, I would, in vindication, publish the following notices clipped from the leading daily journals of New Orleans, and would also state that my contract with Mr. Ben De Bar, at the St. Charles Theatre, was for one week only, which I filled satisfactorily, and that my contract with Mr. E. J. Miles, for Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, was signed before I went to New Orleans.
LITTLE NELL,
The California Diamond.
Robinson's Opera-House, Cincinnati, O., Jan. 10, 1874.
THE FOLLOWING NOTICES WILL SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.
ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Little Nell made her second appearance last night in the play of "Fidelia, the Fire Waif," and attracted a house that must have been alike gratifying and profitable. This of itself is an evidence of growing popularity on short acquaintance, and the assertion might be safely ventured that Little Nell will be enrolled in the galaxy of New Orleans favorites. Her Dutch specialties, which are modeled after the manner of Joe Emmet, are among the cleverest examples of her character acting; but it must be said that, independent of her specialties, she is possessed of fine dramatic powers, that have evidently been cultivated. Her articulation is distinct and musical, and her voice rings pleasantly through space, in the Old Drury. One of her feats consists in playing the banjo and dancing to the tune at the same time. The effect is that of admiration and laughter—admiration at the ingenuity and skill of the performance. She plays on fifteen pieces of wood and two bunches of straw, and sets the house in a perfect whirlpool of applause, and her facial contortions are clever and ludicrous. On the whole, Little Nell is a sprite, calculated to keep an audience alive and in continuous good cheer.—THE DAILY PICAYUNE, Dec. 24.
ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—At this house Little Nell will appear to night, when she will be again seen in her animated and numerous personations incidental to this picturesque and lively drama of "Fidelia." This actress has met with enlarged and continued public favor since her advent here, and it may be counted on that her admirers will come forward on this occasion in generous response to her appeal.—THE NEW ORLEANS TIMES.
ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Little Nell, the new star that has dawned upon our theatrical world, has at once found public favor. She was enthusiastically received by an audience large in numbers, appearing in seven characters in her protean drama of "Fidelia, the Fire Waif." Nell is a young miss, near the sweet sixteen, beautiful, and possessed of fine dramatic talent. She sings with a rich contralto voice and with great effect. In this respect she is superior to Lotta, and bids fair to eclipse her in popularity. As a young swell, and as the Dutch girl, her abilities in character acting are plainly marked. Using an instrument of wood and straw, of simple construction, she brings the most pleasing music. With the banjo she is a whole show, and plays and dances a jig at the same time. "Fidelia" will run during the week.—NEW ORLEANS REPUBLICAN, Dec. 23, 1873.
NOTICES FROM THE CINCINNATI PRESS.
At Robinson's Theatre enormous audiences witnessed Little Nell in "Fidelia, the Fire Waif," at matinee and evening performances. At the latter Mrs. Rouzaud, nee Christine Nilsson, occupied a private box. The great prima donna seemed to enjoy the performance, judging by her applause, in which she was joined by Capoul and others of those who attended her.—DAILY INQUIRER, Jan. 2, 1874.
ROBINSON'S OPERA-HOUSE.—Yesterday was a big day at Robinson's. Large audiences assembled both at the matinee and at the evening's entertainment, and manifested their approbation of Little Nell's efforts to please. Madame Nilsson and husband, and Max Strakosch occupied a box at the performance last night. Madame Nilsson appeared to be entertained, especially by the Tyrolese songs of Little Nell. In response to a communication signed by Mayor Johnston and about eighty others, tendering to Little Nell a complimentary benefit, she has named to-night for that occasion.—DAILY GAZETTE, Jan. 2.
Little Nell was presented last night with a basket of flowers, two living doves and a sapphire ring by the appreciative carpenter, gasman, chief usher and property-man of Robinson's Opera-house.—THE COMMERCIAL, Jan. 4, 1874. 43-1t

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JANUARY 13, 1874.
TO MANAGERS.—Mr. Alex. Davis performed for me two weeks, and made the greatest hit of any ventriloquist ever appearing at this theatre. I consider him the BEST OF ALL. Managers will find him a sure card.
WM. E. SINN,
Manager Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md.
JANUARY 16, 1874.
Mr. Alex. Davis has for two weeks been giving his entertainment with me, and after seeing all ventriloquists that have visited this country for twenty-five years, pronounce him decidedly the best, and with pleasure recommend him to managers. Respectfully,
GEO. WOOD,
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